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THE SPHERE, OCTOBER 5, 1946
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THE SPHERE

Vol. CLXXXVII No. 2437 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC OCTOBER 5 1946

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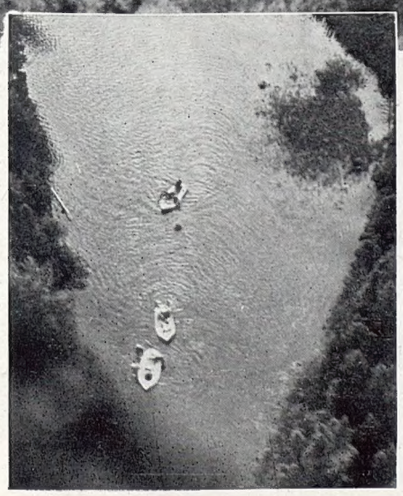
Volume CLXXXVII No. 2437

The SPHERE, London October 5, 1946

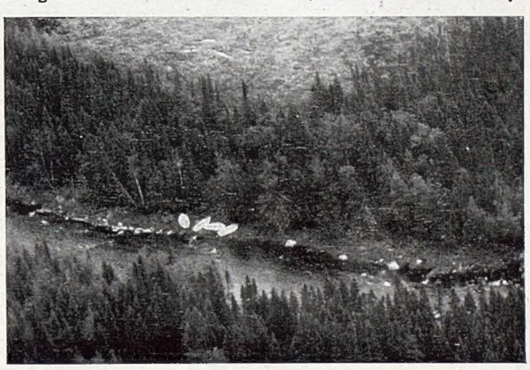
THE SPHERE

With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly



THE WRECKAGE OF THE BELGIAN SKYMASTER IN THE WOODS NEAR GANDER LAKE, NEWFOUNDLAND : An aerial view showing where the giant air-liner crashed in the remote woodlands on a 1,700 ft. hillside twenty miles south-west of the international airport. Ten men and eight women survived the crash, and the other twenty-six occupants of the plane were killed, being buried last week near the scene of the disaster. *On left*—Members of the rescue party arriving in rubber boats about sixty hours after the Skymaster came down. *On right*—The boats drawn up on the banks of the Gander River as the rescue party worked their way inland through forest country



The Belgian Skymaster crash, one of the most serious which has ever occurred on the transatlantic route, took place in such a remote part of the Newfoundland woods that it was sixty hours before the first rescue party, headed by an experienced local guide, made contact with the eighteen survivors. To do so they had to blaze a trail through the woods. Meanwhile, aircraft dropped blankets, food and stimulants to the marooned passengers, most of whom were too badly injured to walk, while two helicopters were rushed to Gander to assist in the evacuation of the stretcher cases. When the Skymaster crashed, trees were smashed for a distance of 500 yards before the blazing fuselage finally came to earth

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A LONDON NEWSLETTER

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

Stalin Says.—When Stalin dismisses the dangers of a new war and minimises the effects of the atom bomb, millions of Russians (who have felt the breeze as keenly as others) are comforted, relieved and heartened. And so, of course, are millions outside Russia, to whom indeed the wind appeared to set from that quarter. But the relief at Stalin's statement will be not less keen among the representatives in Paris. For them there was clear evidence in Stalin's utterance of a real, if tardy, intention by Russian statesmen to speed up discussion, to cut down irrelevance, and once more sincerely to strive for that mutual tolerance, co-operation and understanding between West and East which, Stalin says, is not incompatible with one self-contained Communist State working with and not interfering in the domestic politics of Western Democracies. It means nothing at all to me that Wall Street should thereupon stage a "boom." It does mean much that a change of heart and a long-awaited explanation of many grievous mysteries in Russian diplomacy may be read between Stalin's lines. Indeed, only one reservation immediately calls for comment. It is this: If Stalin's words, by so little or so much, banish from the hearts of the nations the recent terror of a new war, by so little or so much those words loosen the last bonds of discipline which restrain those delegates and those smaller nations that practise intransigence in the process of resettlement-by-restraint-of-purely-petty-and-nationalistic-aims. If no horror of a new war can in our time engulf those who dare to dance on the crater edge, there is a real danger that these irresponsibles will dance still nearer, open wider yet their mouths, increase their petty demands and narrow objections.

Mr. Truman and Mr. Wallace.—The events leading to Mr. Wallace's resignation brought Mr. Truman's reputation—in America, in Paris and elsewhere—to a new low-level record. It might almost be said that all interests in American politics opposed to Mr. Truman as a protagonist in the next Presidential Election have achieved their object and, so far as he is concerned, have no more work to accomplish. Such situations change rapidly in the States. Mr. Truman certainly in a brief fortnight gave every possible handle to his personal opponents and to the opponents of his party and regime. It is a tale of wobble and contradictions and weak efforts to retrieve a balance which has few parallels in American politics. Mr. Wallace leaves the Administration, taking his "freedom" with him. Mr. Byrnes remains, his position strengthened, his declared policy confirmed by a more than usually unanimous voice of America. Indeed, for the moment, Mr. Byrnes' is the administration, for Mr. Truman has faded out, a vacillating shadow. What Mr. Wallace will now do with his "freedom" remains to see. What he may say is less likely hereafter to embarrass Mr. Byrnes or to dislocate the Luxembourg. But, silent or loquacious, he must continue for some time to be a thorn in the flesh of "dear Harry."

A Bomb on Neutral Territory.—Switzerland to-day is about the only remaining garden in the desert of European culture. Her isolation may not be splendid but it is shrewd. She must have heard more twaddle and wrangle round conference tables even than Paris. And she remains polite, and reserves the right to act, or not to act, on the latest propounded nostrums. She reserves that right in regard to Mr. Churchill's latest nostrum, thrown out on her hospitable soil. Advancing years do not dilute Mr. Churchill's energy, enthusiasm and moral courage. His latest theory of statesmanship may well be soundly (at least ideally) based, yet it needed high moral courage to propound it. The conception of a United States of Europe is old as sin and old as war, and never in history has its fruition appeared such worlds away as to-day. France, deeply concerned in the vital clause of Mr. Churchill's concept, was never so resolved (and small wonder!) to reduce Germany to impotence as regards aggression rather than to raise her to co-partnership in a new cultural and economic *bloc* linking East and West. Many a man who read Mr. Churchill's words must have pondered over the thoughts in his heart. Is this co-partnership between Europe's mortal enemies first and foremost a first stage in the realisation of that ideal of a United States of Europe, a welding of the first link; or is it first and foremost designed as the most hopeful barrier between a Britain (no longer geographically blessed) and the acquisitive fingers that stretch out from Eastern Europe? Frenchmen will ask that question. Germans are too apathetic to ask any questions. Russia will ask no questions. It will announce its verdict with vitriol and catcalls.

THE PRESENTATION OF "THE SPHERE" CHALLENGE CUP: Mr. W. C. Nisbett (right), Managing Director of Illustrated Newspapers, Ltd., presenting a silver salver and the cup to Mr. G. P. Jackson after his victory in the Medal Round at the Illustrated Newspapers' Invitation Golf Meeting. The meeting was held at the Royal Mid-Surrey Golf Club and, despite wind and rain, thirty-two competitors took part. Mr. Jackson, winner of "The Sphere" Challenge Cup, plays from a handicap of 2. He had a gross score of 82 for the eighteen holes

Britain Can Make It.—It is of first importance that Britain can (despite the post-war lassitude and holidays-with-pay spirit) make sound, attractive, modern goods; equally important (if not more so) that she can convince overseas creditor-nations that she can do so. The King and Queen signalised the official view of the importance of this great trade exhibition by travelling 1,000 miles by night to and from Ballater. And certainly many of the goods displayed made the shabby débutante, the starved housewife and the houseless, house-proud newly-weds water at the mouth. So many people who need these things are in no expectation of "getting on the main," nationalisation or not. As I know too well, you cannot work even one small electric fire for a bedroom from a private plant; even a Frigidaire or an electric-iron eats up your juice quicker than crude oil can replace it. And in rural areas, paraffin, candles or old-fashioned gas-plants are still all too common luminants. (We have not even a supply of piped water or a sewerage system.) For us in England, these delights and novelties and conveniences and *necessities* are all in the future. Britain can make them beautifully—new furniture, electric gadgets, fabric furnishings, frocks and frills—everything that makes home-life first endurable, and, secondly, attractive. Britain can make them and the foreigner can take them. But not Britons, not yet. We must draw in our belts a little longer.

The Best Policy.—"Honesty is the best policy." In my heart, I know it true. Often, I tell my children never to forget it. A good, clean conscience is the first recipe for a happy life. It never pays, in this world or the next, on the long-term policy to tell a lie, or cheat the railway company or the Exchequer, to fail to pay your debts or meet any other obligations of citizenship. But sometimes I wonder how all this works out in the larger field of international relations. It ought to be exactly the same thing, the eternal principle in large print. Yet how many slick buyers from those United States, from Europe, Asia and Africa, must view us Londoners as incomprehensible "suckers," with a child's notion of "business." They scorn our cave-man way of life, laugh at our uncomfortable homes, despise us for continuing to live in holes in the ground, pillory our primitive civilisation, ill-cooked food, comfortless hotels, unimaginative restaurants, rotten telephone service. They laugh at us in their sleeves as the "honest fools" in civilisation. And I am bound to add that some of us Britons of late have taken a leaf from the foreigners' book and tried to achieve a more mature view of "business." They have begun to practise a little petty and grand larceny under the rose or even in the open; picking up "unconsidered trifles," from furs and jewellery and coupons to other people's houses. They have grown tired of being laughed at and despised as "honest fools" by the more "enlightened" citizens of the world. It is understandable perhaps. But for myself I still believe in the nursery maxims—on the long view.

Air Risks.—We have read of late of a series of terrible disasters to air-liners, in quick succession. Statistical tables—those sinister and crafty servants of all who wish to disprove a commonly held opinion—are being adduced to show that air travel (even to-day after this unhappy and perhaps fortuitous series) is much safer than railway travel (which, indeed, is tolerably free from risk) on a basis of mileage covered. Believe them or not, the laws of gravity enter into the question of risk in air travel, and science has not yet made those laws of non-effect. In land travel at least you remain on the ground, and in travelling by train all the eggs are not inevitably in one basket if a collision or other accident occur. Accident publicity invariably awakes public anxiety in the form of travel concerned. A serious accident usually results in new safety precautions. The anxiety (and the precautions) are soon enough relaxed. Statistics or no statistics, I believe the "cost of living" is higher than 105 per cent. over 1914, and I prefer the comparative safety of railway travel over travel by air.

Rainfall.—I expect, like me, you are tired of hearing about the rain. We have had a damnable summer and autumn, and the less said about them the better. Yet a few facts (as opposed to cooked statistics) may correct our blackest gloom and our bitter grudge against fate, and adjust our more verjuiced beliefs. We have passed through several notably dry years and we grumbled a good deal at the emptiness of our wells. Here in Sussex we recorded: 1943, 32·13 ins. rain; 1944, 28·22 ins. rain; 1945, 31·24 ins. rain. Up to September 21, 1946 we have recorded 32·94 ins. rain, with three wettish months to come. Already we have exceeded the average and the worst of the last three years. True; but when I first came to live here ten years ago, I recorded in three years an average rainfall of little under 40 ins. a year. It is our habit to forget and to concentrate on the evils of the day, which, God knows, are quite sufficient to obsess our minds. And this *is* true, that no summer and autumn which I have noted have shown a worse record in rain and gales and sunlessness than this year: May, 3·29 ins.; June, 4·29 ins.; July, 2·35 ins.; August, 5·44 ins.; September (to 21st), 5·42 ins. Total, 20·79 ins. These last figures say a mouthful.

THE OLD STAGER

A HELICOPTER TO THE RESCUE—HOW SOME OF THE MORE SERIOUSLY INJURED WERE REMOVED FROM THE SCENE OF THE BELGIAN AIR-LINER DISASTER NEAR LAKE GANDER, NEWFOUNDLAND : An overhead view showing the helicopter, which had been rushed from New York to assist in the rescue of some of the eighteen survivors, at rest on the plateau, and stretcher cases being brought up for evacuation. For sixty hours the survivors encamped in this inaccessible region, being supplied with necessities by parachute, while at the same time a relief party, headed by an experienced woodsman, made its way to the spot

RESCUING the SKYMASTER SURVIVORS at GANDER

VIGIL OF THE SURVIVORS : Seated before a log fire, with some of their clothes drying above the blaze, they await the arrival of the rescue party. The girl is swathed in blankets dropped by parachute

THE BURNT-OUT FUSELAGE OF THE SKYMASTER : The Brussels-New York air-liner at the point where it crashed in the Newfoundland woods, 20 miles from Gander. One eye-witness reported that as the machine crashed an explosion took place, immediately followed by a fire. Eighteen passengers were blown clear of the wreckage, and twenty-six lost their lives. The trees to some extent broke the fall

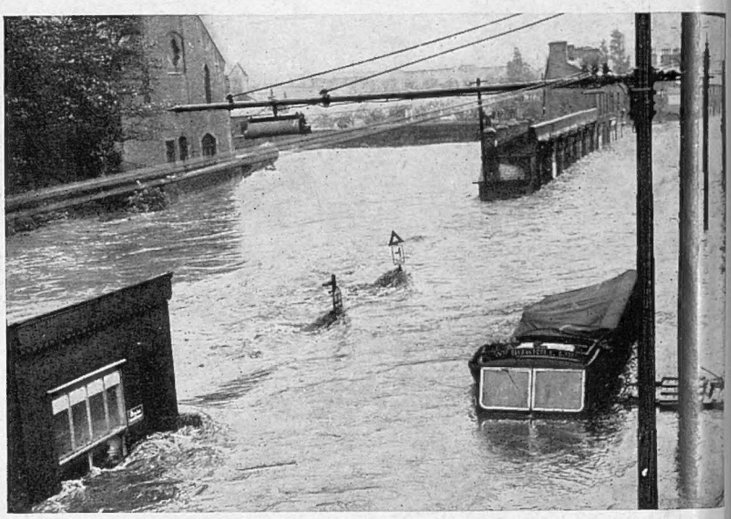
THE WETTEST SEPTEMBER FOR 19 YEARS

Floods in the North and Storms in the South

The wettest Septem ber for nineteen year followed immediatel upon an August o hardly less gloom. I the North Countr flooding reached ver serious proportions and in the Calde Valley towns and vi lages were maroone and road and ra traffic brought to complete standstil At Bradford a wall water swept into th main square, whil Halifax, Huddersfiel and Dewsbury all r ported heavy flooding In the Midlands an the West Countr the River Sever also overflowed along the Soutl Coast gales o unusual violenc swept the promenade

HEAVY FLOODING IN THE NORTH COUNTRY : A bus ploughing through the flood-waters in Dewsbury where communications were disrupted as a result of the torrential rains. In Dewsbury many schools and factories were closed as few people could get to work and business life was more or less brought to a standstill

TYRREL STREET, BRADFORD, WAS A LAKE : A scene in the centre of the city, where traffic had to be diverted when the drainage system failed to absorb the flood-waters caused by torrential rain. Numerous shops were inundated and stocks in the basements were damaged



THE FLOODS AT MYTHOLMROYD : A lorry stranded on the main road as a resu of the rising of the River Calder. Between the shop on the left and the sig post was a small café which was swept away in the night. At some poin in Mytholmroyd the water reached to the lintels of the doorways, an basements and areas were filled

WALKING THE PLANK IN TYRREL STREET, BRADFORD : City workers set up boards on brickwork to enable pedestrians to walk dry-shod in this northern city, which was seriously affected by the flooding. When this picture was taken rain was still pouring down, creating new records for the month of September

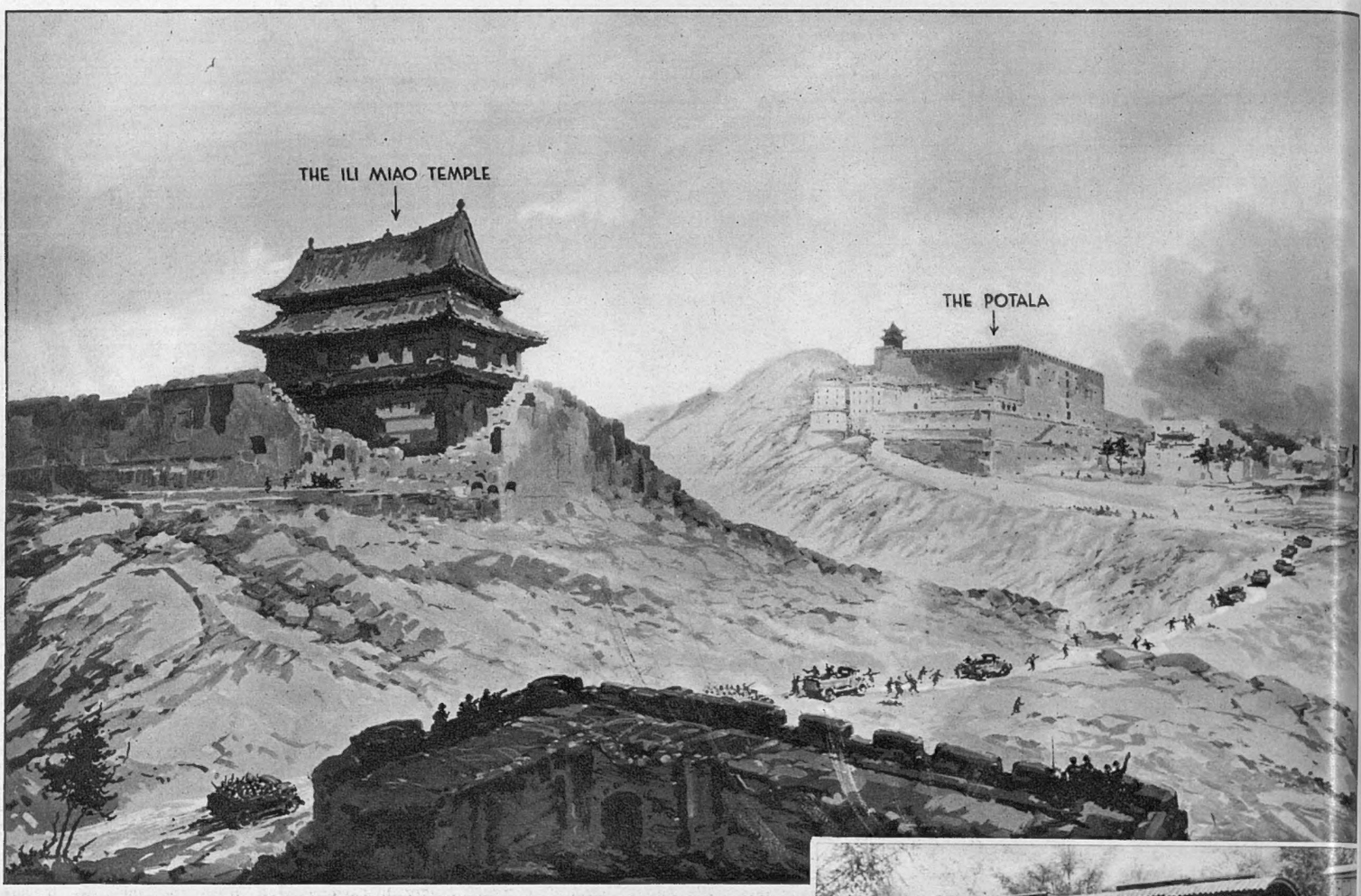
WHEN THE RIVER CALDER BURST ITS BANKS : Another scene in the town Mytholmroyd, showing houses surrounded by floodwaters on the ma Halifax-Burnley road. The normal course of the Calder is at the rear these buildings, and it usually flows eight feet below the level shown he

AT CASTLEFORD, YORKSHIRE, WHERE THE FLOODS SPREAD FAR AND WIDE: Inundated streets and railway sidings bear testimony to the wholesale nature of the flooding. The areas most affected by the floods were in Yorkshire and Lancashire, although there was also extensive flooding in the Severn Valley. Castleford is situated on the Aire, ten miles south-east of Leeds. The river burst its banks at several points, and at Kirkstall factories and houses were marooned to a depth of 3 ft. Traffic had to be diverted from the two-mile-long rail tunnel between Todmorden and Rochdale, carrying the main L.M.S. line

WILD WAVES ON THE CORNISH RIVIERA—Torquay's promenade strewn with deck-chairs during the height of the September gale, which presented a picture of winter desolation. On this south-west coast the gale at times reached a force of 100 m.p.h. and many small craft were wrecked before gaining the safety of harbour. A huge wave which caught the Southern Railway Company's steamer "Isle of Jersey" washed three passengers overboard and injured twenty-two others. Off Yarmouth, Isle of Wight, the Earl of Jersey's 40-ton yacht "Diadem" sent out distress signals, and eventually crashed into the pier

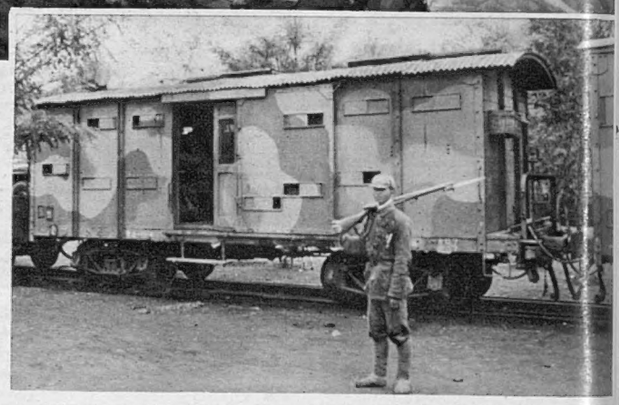
A WORLD SURVEY

Sidelights on the News by "Sphere" Artists

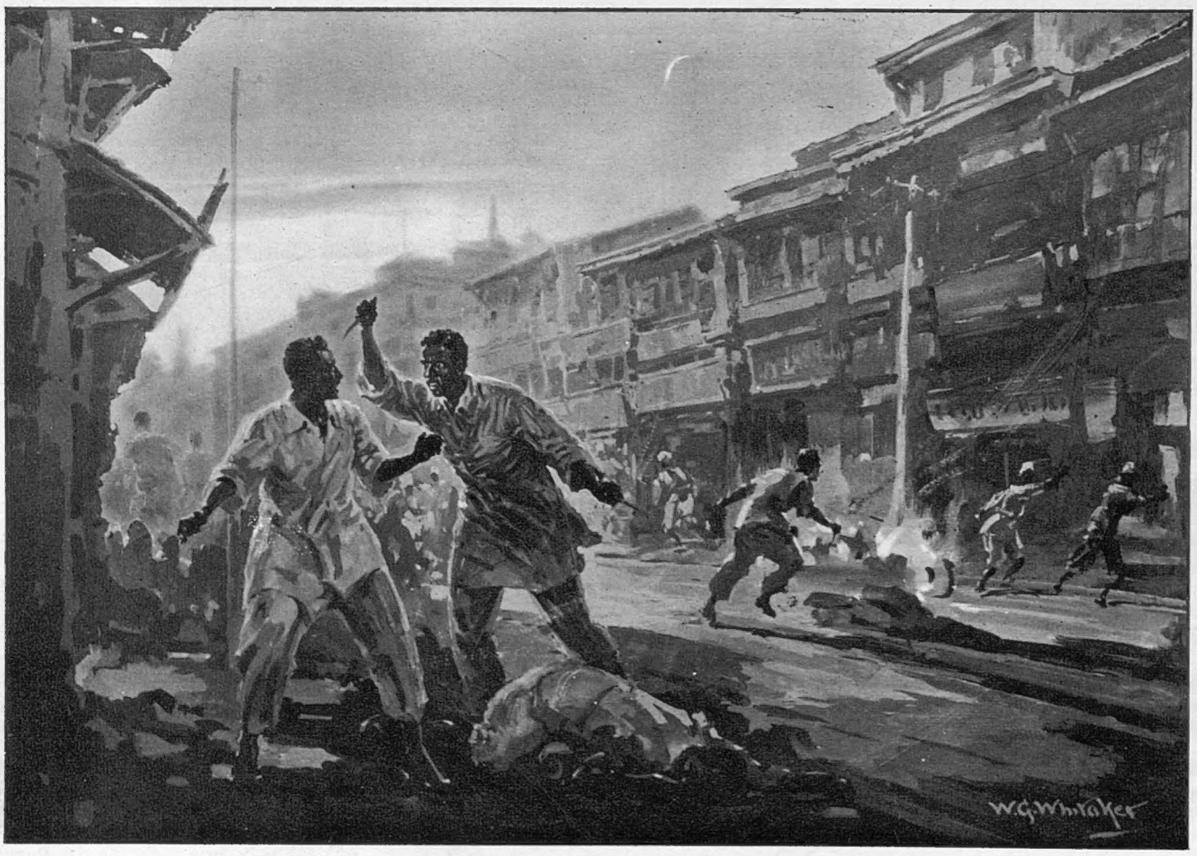


COMMUNISTS AND NATIONALISTS COME TO GRIPS IN THE SHADOW OF THE POTALA: A running fight in progress beneath the walls of the old palace in Chengteh, capital of Jehol Province, which was recently the scene of renewed activity in the Chinese civil war. An advancing lorry-borne column of General Chiang Kai-shek's troops has been ambushed by Communist infantrymen—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

During the month of September, the uneasy truce being over, the Chinese civil war flared once again into activity, with fierce fighting at Kalgan and at Chengteh, to the north-east and north-west of Peiping. Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek made a determined drive against most of the Communist strongholds in the north, meeting with a fair measure of success. Meanwhile, in Nanking negotiations between the rival parties have continued, offering at least a faint hope that the insensate struggle may be brought to an end and that Communist and Nationalist shall attempt to frame a joint constitution for a united China. Chengteh is quite one of the most romantic spots in North-East Asia, for it was there that the Manchu Emperors had their summer palaces



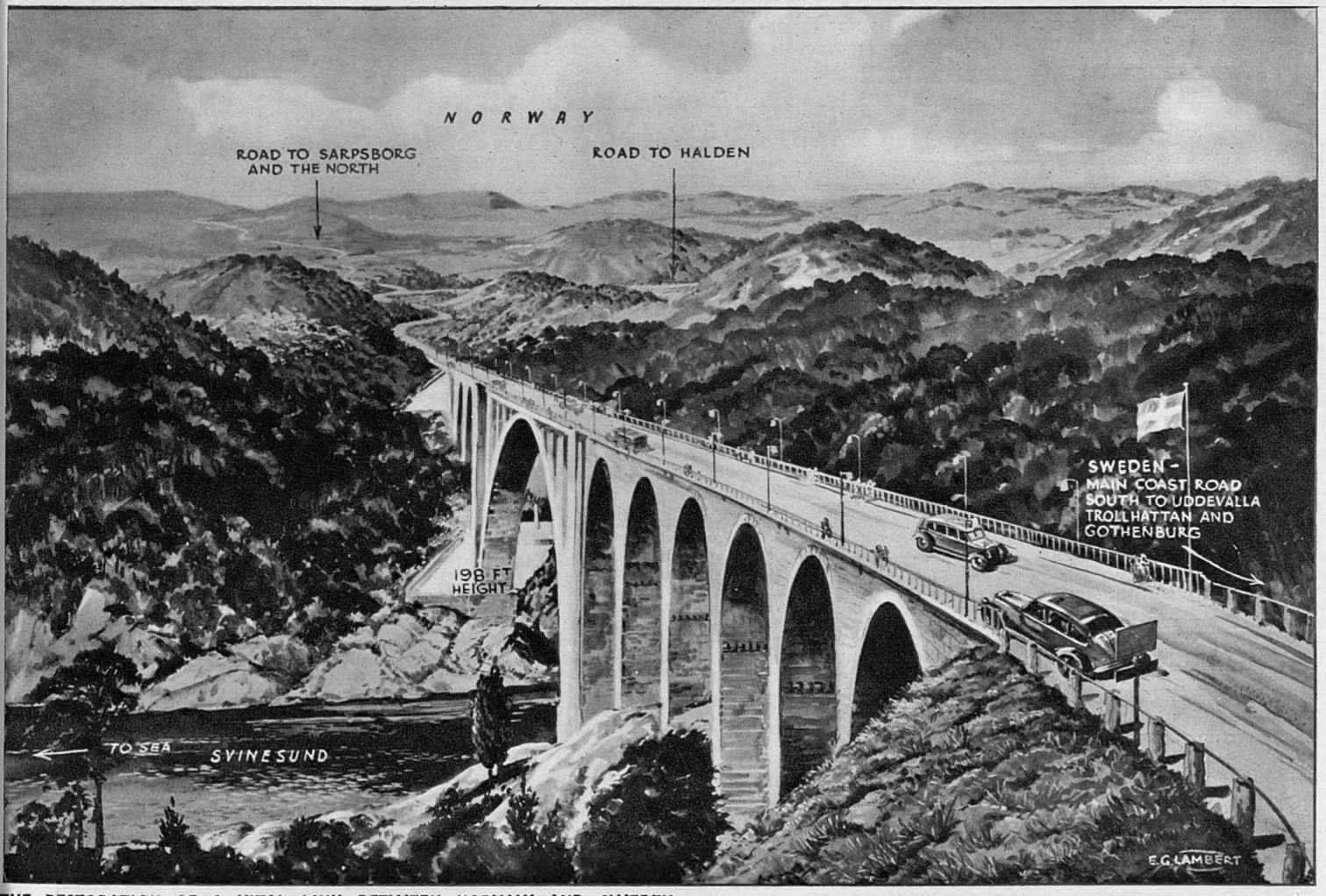
THE "CEASE-FIRE" TRAIN AT LAI YUAN: A Chinese Nationalist soldier on guard outside the armoured train which has been used by one of the teams of American Marines to act as intermediary between the rival forces in the Chinese civil war. During the temporary truce in July and August the train was rushed from point to point, and on more than one occasion prevented an outbreak of fighting. The Americans used several of these "Cease-fire" teams, each team consisting of two officers and three enlisted men of the U.S. Marines



On left—

LAWLESSNESS IN THE STREETS OF BOMBAY: An artist's impression of a scene of mob violence in the city where arson, looting, and murder took place as rival Hindu and Muslim mobs came to grips. The situation both in Bombay and Calcutta has never been more serious, and some of the worst rioting coincided with the interim Government's assumption of office. It was notable that many of those engaged in the riots were acting from self-interest, having no concern with the political aspirations of the rival parties—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

COMBINED ARMY AND NAVY OPERATIONS AT TEL AVIV—THE TOWN ILLUMINATED BY DESTROYER SEARCHLIGHTS IN ORDER TO PREVENT TERRORIST GANGS WORKING UNDER COVER OF DARKNESS: Of recent weeks Jewish activity has shifted from Jerusalem to Tel Aviv, and ever since the kidnapping of British officers British troops have concentrated on combating the operations of the Stern Gang in the all-Jewish city, where attacks on communications, on workshops, and on banks have been rife. After curfew hours searchlights from destroyers have illuminated the city, and they have also swept the sea at regular intervals in order to observe the approach of illegal immigrants, who often attempt to come ashore in smaller craft from the ships which have carried them to the limit of territorial waters. Some of the more adventurous spirits have even been known to swim ashore—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*



THE RESTORATION OF A VITAL LINK BETWEEN NORWAY AND SWEDEN—THE BRIDGE ACROSS THE SYINESUND IS NOW REBUILT AND THE WESTERN SCANDINAVIAN MOTOR ROUTE BETWEEN CHRISTIANIA AND GOTHENBURG IS ONCE AGAIN OPEN TO TRAFFIC: This fine bridge, which was begun in 1939, was completed by Swedish engineers in 1942 and was subsequently the scene of many attempts by Norwegians to escape to neutral Sweden from German-occupied Norway. At the end of 1942 lightning exploded a mine on the Swedish side of the bridge, destroying one of the arches, and restoration was postponed until the end of the war. The work of rebuilding is now complete and traffic is using this important western highway instead of being diverted at Tanum and taking a roundabout route to Halden. The bridge is 1,260 ft. long, and the great central span, towering to a height of 198 ft., is 465 ft. wide. The construction of the great concrete, cantilever arch presented the engineers with considerable problems—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

RUMOUR IS RIFE IN GERMANY

A Disturbing Aspect of Post-war Conditions Within the British Zone

By FERDINAND TUOHY

THIS is a time when new twists are being given with some frequency to the British Occupation of Germany. A definite enough milestone was reached in August, which saw the end of "the good old days"—spell during which Montgomery's famous army largely dissolved amid the farewell-party spirit—and marked the entry of a more staid and permanent note, a new and more sober and serious buckling-down to what is envisaged as a long business.

The same process developed on a lesser scale after the first year of a former B.A.O.R., even to regretting the departure of "the good old days" (1919 in Cologne), and then, as in 1946, a Robertson presided, father and son. Listening to Lieut.-General Sir Brian Robertson, in Berlin, it occurred that there was another family resemblance besides the eyebrows—shall we say a certain deciding manner reminiscent of that which caused the French, thirty years ago, wryly to christen the father "Maréchal Non-Non"?

Of course, lots of our people in Germany have been serious from the start.

Rather, as marking the present change, let me give an example of the kind of thing that is being given a new emphasis. Considerably more notice is being taken of what goes on in the German mind. The idea is to interpret the German mind to the English and the English mind to the Germans. We at home will be given a fair opportunity of knowing what the Germans are really thinking. The hope is to shake up the United Kingdom to the gravity of the next times in Germany; so if people refuse to follow the serious, as distinct from the flippant side of the Occupation, let them not one day protest they've been caught unawares, should nasty shocks eventuate!

The enlarged "psychologising" of the Germans is in train under two agencies, Public Opinion Research Officers (P.O.R.O.) and German Personnel Research Branch (G.P.R.B.). The latter might more easily, if less militarily, have been called Social Survey, and the high-light at which it aims is that of being able to tell in advance just how the Germans will react to any new measures and problems.

Hereabouts P.O.R.O. is concerned about one aspect in particular—the fantastic rumours that are circulating in our Zone. I asked the Controller of Rumours if he thought any of them were put out by hidden Nazis or as part of the ideological warfare in full swing on one side, and he said he didn't think so. He thought these rumours "just grewed," and that they were the irrational fruit of the totally abnormal times through which the Germans are at present living.

"Rumours spring from a diseased body politic and multiply when already grim conditions become uncertain. Men and women hope intensely for an alleviation, yet at the same time fear events may get even worse. In this more or less constant frame of mind they easily pick up, discuss and believe stories, however improbable, which suggest a clue as to their future."

So came the diagnosis. And I was able to bring in two fresh rumours of the genus "Germany being deprived," collected from young Germans who had driven me. The first came in question form. How did we like the Volkswagen in England? We must have thousands running there by now! When I told this young fellow (*a*) that one "People's Car" had been publicly seen in England; (*b*) that bumpy, winding, hilly roads and lanes weren't suited to it; (*c*) that English car manufacturers didn't want the German prodigy around, anyway, when I came out with these plain facts, he didn't believe me. I could see that clearly enough from his silent, half-mocking smirk.

The majority of rumours are more serious—for example, the "Butter Export to England" one. As has justly been observed, Germans now think with their stomachs, and no rumours travel more surely and quickly than those bearing upon food. The Control Commission called in German eye-witnesses in an attempt to scotch this butter rumour, only for it to crop up in amended form. English and Danish labels were being supplied to wrap round the German butter so that, when seen, it would look as if it had been imported! The same rumour enveloped a mythical powdered milk supposed to be manufactured by a Hamburg firm.

Here are other food rumours:

If coffee, maize and wheat are being burnt in South America, it is not for lack of shipping. German prisoners returned from the United States tell of American harbours packed with ships. The British, through the "gentlemen in uniform," are bent on physically breaking their time-honoured German competitors in industry and commerce.

It isn't true that the English are badly off for food in their own country. Returned German prisoners tell of fat meals and full food shops (the fact, of course, being that German P.O.W.s work in the country, where food is far better than with the urban bulk of the population).

An advertisement recently appeared in an English paper (unspecified) advising people to "buy more German vegetables."

CARDINAL FRINGS VISITS GERMAN PRISONERS IN BRITAIN: The Archbishop of Cologne passing down the lines at the prisoner-of-war camp at Colchester at the start of his ten-day visit to this country. The Cardinal planned to meet, in particular, prisoners of the Roman Catholic faith wishing to become theological students

At a Lübeck factory, human flesh is canned by Poles for sale on the black market, and this accounts for the disappearance of four British soldiers and six children. British Zone Germans are susceptible to human-meat stories ever since Hartmann, "the ogre of Hanover," murdered dozens of youths and turned them into sausages in wake of what all Germans seem to call the "Weltkrieg" (1914). The latest war they don't appear to have a name for, but the Russians are plugging it as the "Hitler-Krieg."

Light relief was provided by a German wit who caught more than someone napping by a rumour to the effect that all Germans who weren't dead by the end of the 88th rationing period would be tried for black market dealings.

Rumours of further and drastic zonal changes, even of Allied quarrelling leading to war, are frequent, and an eloquent fact is that the "approaching war" ones are relished by no small number, particularly by youths. When we do tank exercises near the Russian Zone, or black out for A.-A. practice, the rumours spread like a bush fire. Anything is used to feed them. When we ordered registration by all ex-Wehrmacht officers, that was part of the British plan for mobilising an army for war against Russia! (Actually the object was to sort all ex-officers into categories according to which they will henceforward report to the police, once a week, once a month, and so forth.)

The B.A.O.R. wives quickly swelled the warlike rumours. Their coming has been lessened owing to furniture and lodging difficulties, but that's not the reason in the German calculation. British families are not arriving to the same extent as American and French because of British expectation of war with Russia.

A common rumour is that the Russians will soon be in the British Zone. Last year one heard the same thing of Bavaria. One really wonders if some rumours are not organised. A juicy recent rumour had it that during a Nuremberg interrogation, Goering said the Russians captured full German plans for the manufacture of atomic bombs, whereupon a Russian judge fired a pistol at Goering but missed him. Another atomic rumour is of a super-bomb.

Here is a further assortment:

Martin Bormann periodically broadcasts from Barcelona (wave-length given).

The mark is to be devalued and a new currency introduced. As many Germans in our Zone are living on their savings, currency rumours are constant. To be noted: even the more educated Germans are now falling for some of the fantastic rumours in circulation. They say we do nothing to counter them, so they must be true. Even they now believe food cuts are punitive measures designed to lower German efficiency.

What can we say to the equally serious Hamburg rumour that the sole reason of our dock and port demolitions is to remove a challenging commercial customer from the seas, while killing a whole city in the process? A high British spokesman told us that public morale in Hamburg is the lowest in our Zone (lower even than in the Ruhr?), and that the reason is not the Hamburg Project by which evictions of Hamburg citizens are rendered necessary, but the economic destruction facing the port. Lord Mayor Petersen said the same thing nearly a year ago.

Hamburg is a serious matter. The people are being told the Russians would never so destroy their port, Hamburg's main breadwinner. Isn't it time we reconsidered how far it is necessary to destroy Hamburg port in pursuance of security from attack, in Britain, seeing that one atom bomb could do all the wrecking in a split second that we are slowly and so publicly doing over the months?

Surely Bikini is the real re-educant; or nothing can serve?

A constant rumour is that British policy aims paramountly at rendering Germany economically "Kaputt."

Finally, there are the damaging rumours about the new German police—that it deals in the black market, undercutting prices and pocketing confiscated material.

I have no space to go into possible ways and means of tackling rumours. You have to be very careful about them lest your attempted cure should give them a wider ripple. And you have to face the fact that the current German mind is a dark subject for the pathologist, a much-deteriorated organism from suppressed hate and desperation, and ever the legacy of Goebbels.

Officially, this is the answer: "We have only the media of Press and radio with which to combat rumours, and each is limited by the present shortage of paper, electricity supply, restrictions and shortage of valves and spare parts." The zonal Press is down to a small four-page paper issued twice a week.

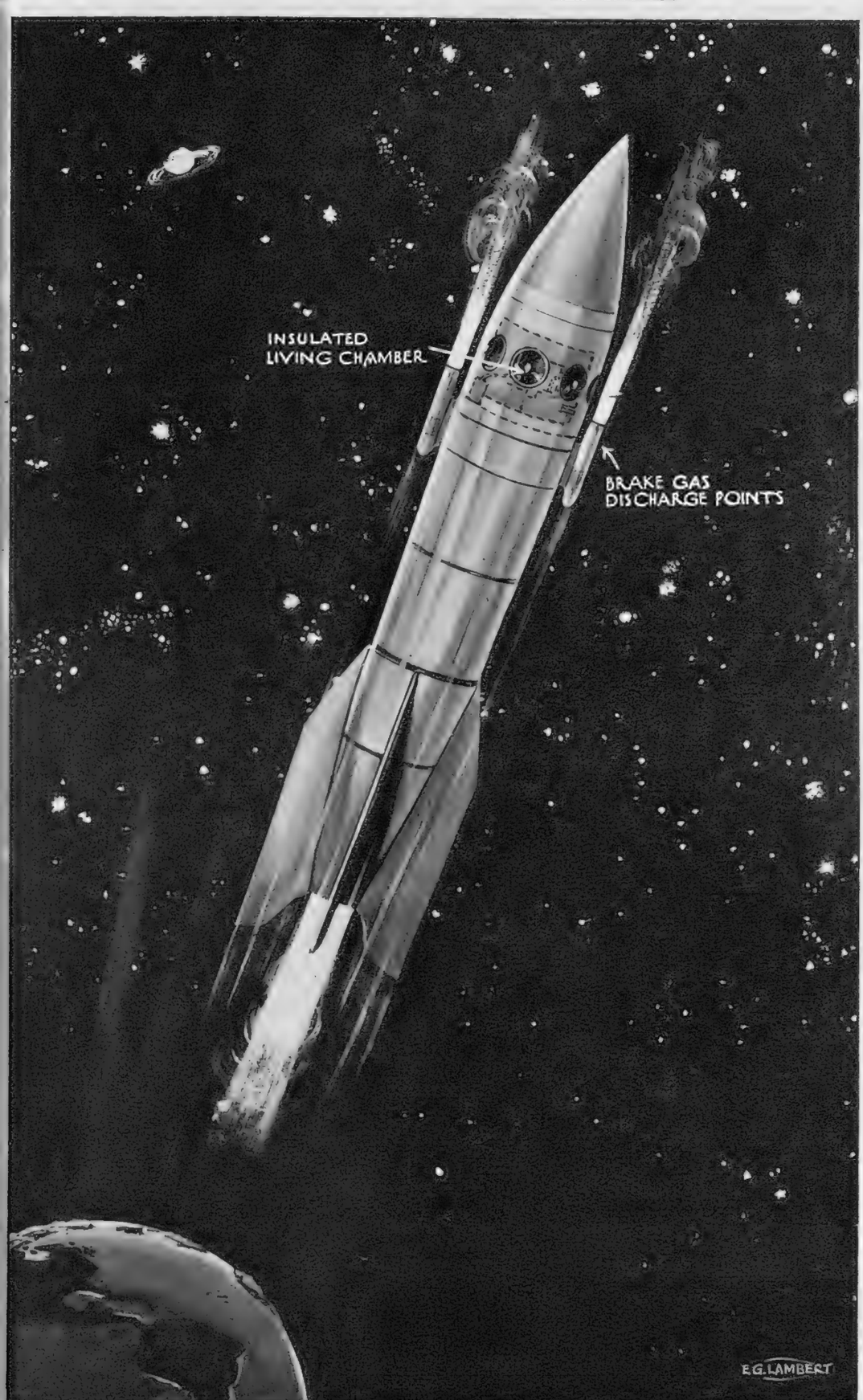
Are you aware that Germany's newsprint inheritance, such as came through, was apportioned, or fell out, as follows?: Russia, 65 per cent.; U.S. Zone, 15 per cent.; French Zone, 10 per cent.; British Zone, 10 per cent. Yet the British Zone has 23,000,000 inhabitants, compared with the French Zone's 6,000,000.

The French want cars and things from our Zone. I feel sure such logical people as they would give us newsprint in return, once they saw clearly that a deteriorating situation in the British Zone, due to uncorrected rumours, must ultimately be bad for France too.

I should add that opinion at high level is that a big national German paper in our Zone is the one hope of curing rumours—by giving adequate space to the subjects being "rumoured" without impaling it as rumour. The Americans have another method. They issue a double-column: Rumour and Truth.

TO THE MOON BY ROCKET AND SPACE SHIP

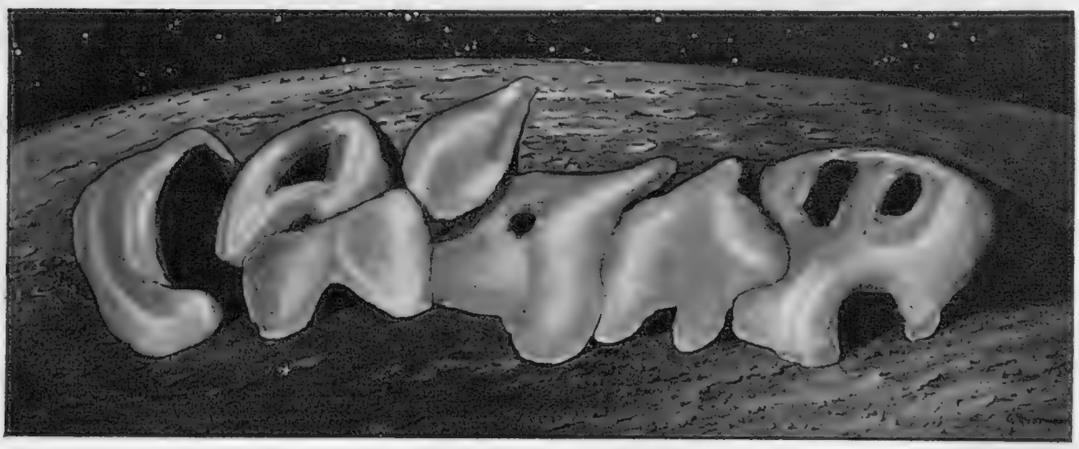
Plans are on Foot in Britain and France to Realise a Scientific Dream of Conquering Space



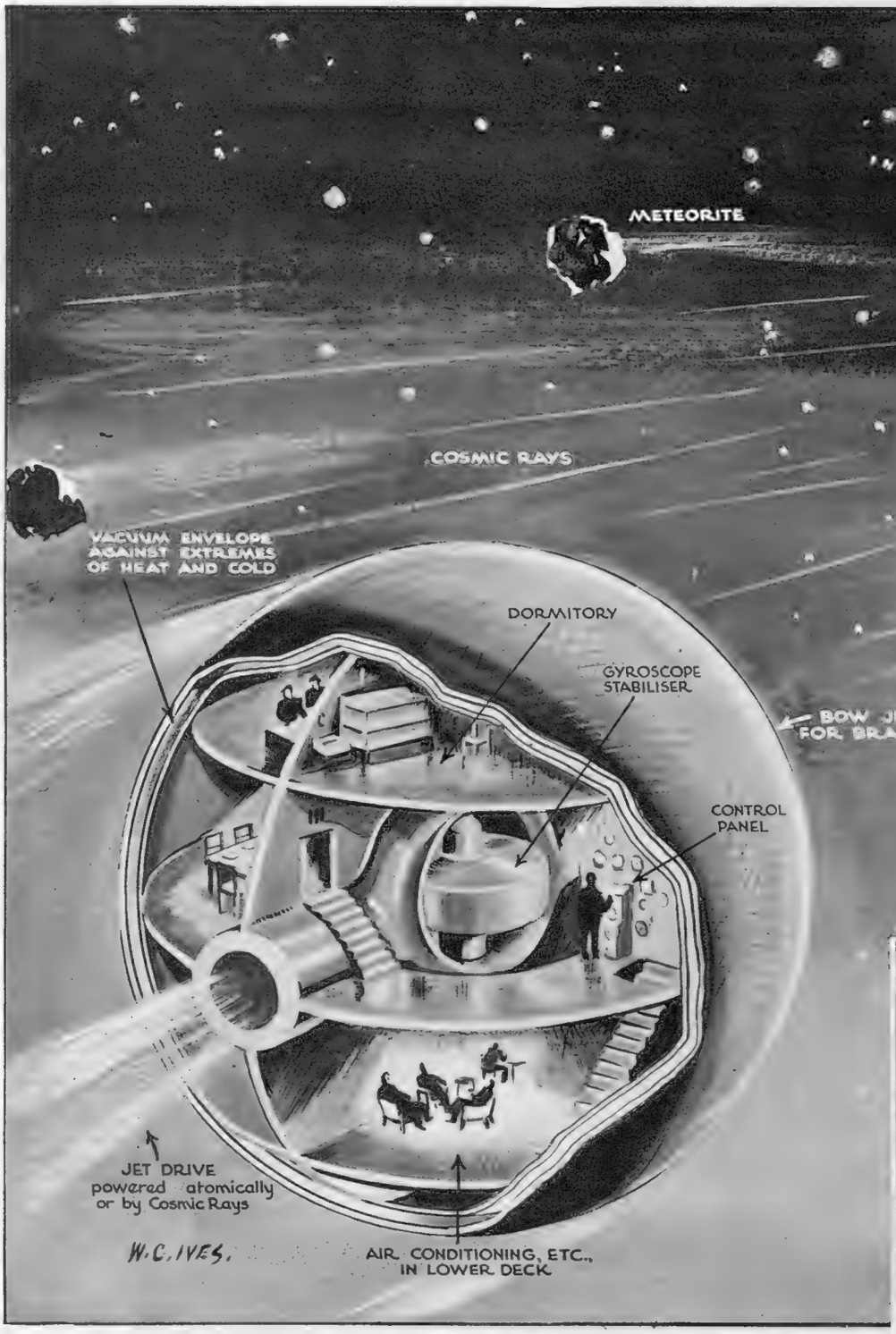
BY ROCKET TO THE MOON: A type of space ship based on the German V-2, but carrying a living chamber instead of a war-head. An artist's impression of a rocket hurtling through space on its 240,000-mile journey to the moon. Both in Britain and France deep consideration is being given at the present time to the possibilities of the space ship, and a group of French scientists and engineers, including Dr. Alexander Ananoff, are said to be actively engaged in designing a craft and equipment for a moon journey. It will use no fuel, but utilise cosmic rays. Rockets, placed in reverse, would act as a brake on reaching the surface of the moon—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

HOW THE EARTH WOULD APPEAR TO A TRAVELLER ALIGHTING ON THE MOON: It would present a surface ten times as large as the moon presents to us, and the earthlight would appear ten times brighter than moonlight. This artist's impression is supposed to be taken from the crater of Copernicus, one of the great natural features of the moon which has been observed constantly by astronomers. French scientists who are now planning to visit the moon by space ship have already chosen suitable landing-places

For a century and more men have toyed with the idea of the rocket and the space ship, and, with Jules Verne and H. G. Wells each in his own way firing popular imagination, the problem has never for long been out of the public's mind. At this very moment the question of the space ship is arousing the keenest interest both in Britain and France. Mr. Warnett Kennedy's design for a space ship is now on view at the Victoria and Albert Museum, South Kensington, while Dr. Ananoff, the French engineer, is planning a similar spherical craft which will utilise cosmic rays. To what extent these plans are practicable is very much open to debate, but in the Paris Press Dr. Rosentiel, the French Navy's specialist on submarine problems, has declared that he thinks it possible for men to live three weeks in a pressurised rocket on the surface of the moon. On the following two pages further details are given of some current projects with regard to space travel.

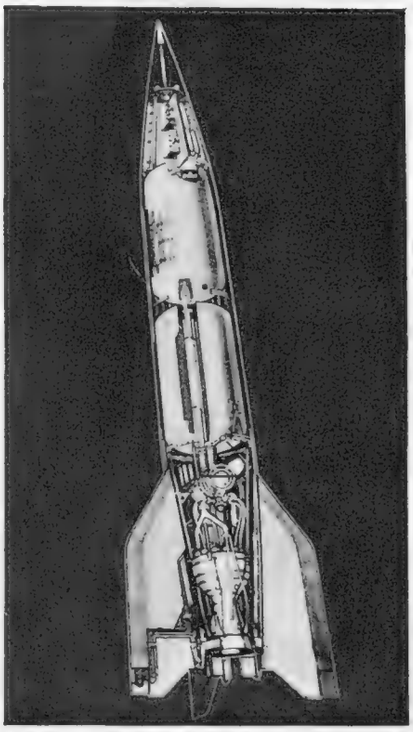


On right—**AN ASTONISHING GEOLOGICAL FEATURE OF THE MOON REVEALED BY THE MOUNT WILSON TELESCOPE: This strange formation, over 50 miles long and 10 miles wide, has been observed on the surface of the moon by American astronomers. It resembles from a vast distance a collection of old bones, and lies in the neighbourhood of the Alps, one of the mountain ranges of the moon**



CAREERING THROUGH SPACE TO THE MOON: An artist's impression of a space ship based on current ideas put forward by British and French engineers with regard to the possibilities of travel to the moon. So long as rockets were the only feasible form of power, development of the space ship was handicapped by the fuel problem, but an atomically-powered space ship with jet drive is now within the bounds of probability. At the same time Professor Alexander Ananoff declares that his French space ship would convert cosmic rays into propulsion forces, and this again would overcome the fuel problem. Among the dangers likely to be encountered in this venture into the unknown would be that from the meteorites. About 20,000,000 of these mineral fragments are estimated to strike the earth's atmosphere (where most are harmlessly burnt up) every twenty-four hours

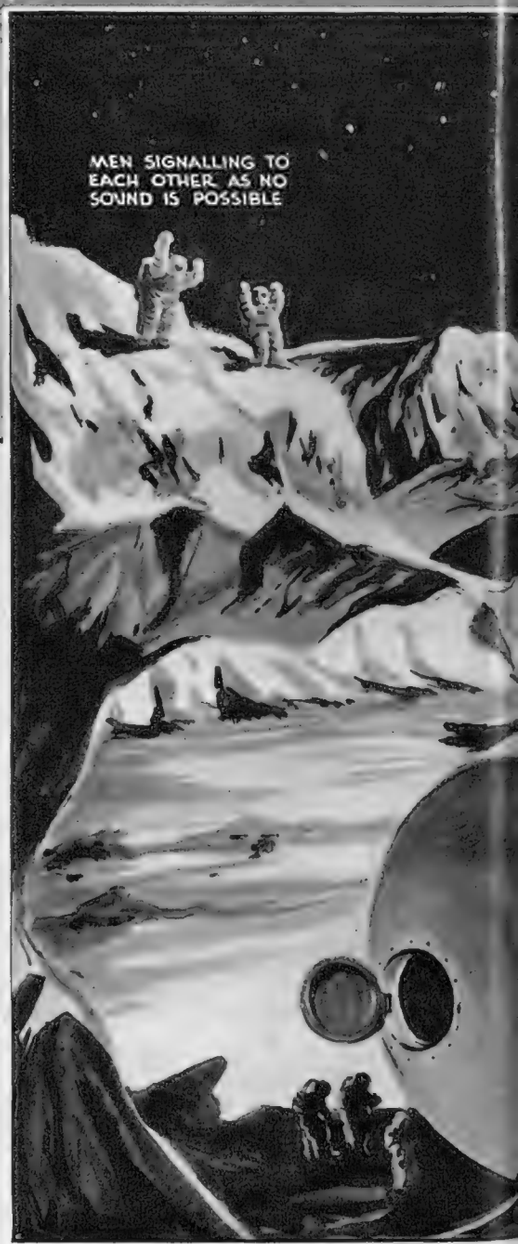
—Drawing by W. C. Ives



On right—**A SPACE SHIP ARRIVES ON THE MOON'S SURFACE: In this artist's impression are shown some of the phenomena which would be encountered by travellers to the moon on reaching their destination.** In their electrically-heated oxygen suits they would be able to leap to incredible heights owing to the extreme lightness of the atmosphere. The earth would appear very large against the blackness of the sky. Lunar craters would be seen everywhere. A French naval engineer, Dr. Rosentiel, has estimated that a pressurised rocket might remain three weeks on the moon. Each man would wear a moon suit.

—Drawing by W. C. Ives

On left—**THE GERMAN LONG-RANGE ROCKET: It is this invention, which wrought such devastation in London, that has now set in motion current research with regard to creating a space ship for flying to the moon.** The V 2 is limited by the necessity for carrying immense quantities of liquid fuel, otherwise it could not clear the earth's gravitational field, and research is therefore being directed to the harnessing of cosmic rays and of atomic energy, using this power in conjunction with jet drive

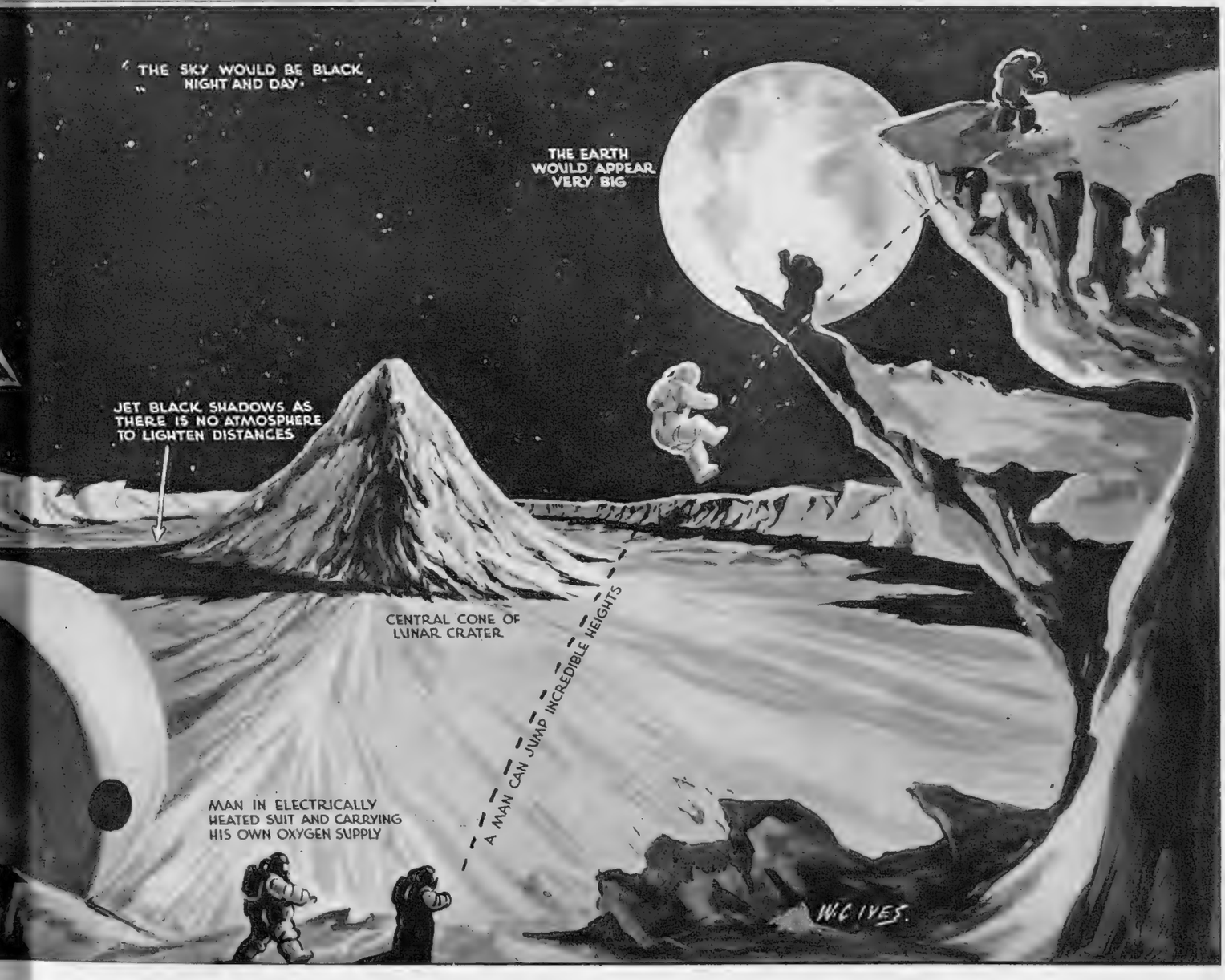


TO THE MOON BY ROCKET AND SPACE SHIP

(Continued from previous page)

Visitors to the "Designs of the Future" Section of the "Britain Can Make It" Exhibition at the Victoria and Albert Museum are showing the deepest interest in Mr. Warnett Kennedy's model for a space ship, a large sphere, with a honeycombed metal surface and two openings at each pole for the jet drive. The designer assumes unlimited atomic power for the drive, and the model, by no means complete in every detail, is meant only to suggest the possibility of inter-planetary travel. Meanwhile, in Paris progress has been more spectacular, and Dr. Alexander Ananoff and his fellow-engineers and scientists are at present engaged in designing a moon-ship, and, it is said, they have actually planned where they will land on the moon's surface after surviving the hazards of the flight through space. Dr. Ananoff has declared that his space ship will use no fuel, but will utilise cosmic rays which will be collected from space during flight and changed into propulsion forces to drive the machine jet fashion. As the space ship would collect energy, there would be no need for it to develop the tremendous speed that a liquid-fuel rocket would need to escape the earth's gravitation. Dr. Ananoff thinks there may be uranium and other metals on the moon

A SCOTSMAN'S IDEA FOR A SPACE SHIP: This remarkable-looking model, invented by Mr. Warnett Kennedy, of Glasgow, is the basic design for an atom-powered craft capable of flying to and from the moon. It is an exhibit in the "Designs of the Future" Section of the "Britain Can Make It" Exhibition. The space ship would be capable of moving in any direction, and it would have a central control chamber, where observers during a journey would be able to study the earth, the moon or the planets



SHIPS AND THE SEA . .

The Scrapping of the German Battle-cruiser *Derfflinger*; The *Danmark* Leaves for the Pacific; A Monster Speed-boat

A SUGGESTED TRIBUTE TO THE MERCHANT NAVY: At the present tim only H.M. ships may wear the Union Flag at the jack-staff, privilege that dates back to the days of James; but Mr. Montagu Davenport has put forward the suggestion that it would be a appropriate acknowledgment of the superb contribution of th Merchant Navy to the Allied victory, and a symbol of the essenti unity of the Royal and Merchant Navies, if the privilege were no extended to British merchant ships—*Drawing by S. E. Beck*

NAVAL RECRUITS MASTER THE SAILING ART: With H.M.S. "Nelson" towering in the background, men of the Training Battleship Squadron at Weymouth receive practice in the handling of small craft. The Training Battleship Squadron consists of H.M.S. "Nelson," wearing the flag of Rear-Admiral H. Hickling, H.M.S. "Howe" and H.M.S. "Anson." The trainees are men who have volunteered for seven years' service with the Fleet and five years as Fleet reservists. They join the squadron after an initial period of eight weeks in a shore establishment, and they normally remain in the squadron for a period of eighteen weeks. At the end of their training, which includes nearly every branch of naval activity, they are discharged to their depots for drafting to the Fleet

IDLE SHIPPING ON THE MISSISSIPPI: Some of the dozens of merchar vessels, many of them fully loaded, at anchor on the lower reache of the great river, below New Orleans, where they we immobilised by the national shipping strike. Armed police wi tear-gas patrolled the dock areas after reported clashes betwe black-leg workers and strikers over the unloading of banan

THE LAST OF THE "DERFFLINGER"—A FAMOUS GERMAN BATTLE-CRUISER OF THE FIRST WORLD WAR BEING TOWED IN AN UPSIDE-DOWN POSITION TO A SCRA YARD ON THE CLYDE: The 28,000-ton "Derfflinger," one of the outstanding fighting units of the German Imperial Fleet, was surrendered to Britain o November 21, 1918, and was scuttled by her crew at Scapa Flow in June of the year following. She is the latest, as well as the last, of the enemy warship to be salvaged at Scapa, and her metal will now constitute a valuable asset to industry. The "Derfflinger" carried eight 12-in. guns and twelve 5·9-in. gun During the process of towing her to the Clyde, members of the engineering staff occupied huts on the hull. An ensign flew from the rear part of the ke

A STATELY SURVIVAL OF THE AGE OF SAIL—THE FULL-RIGGED DANISH SHIP "DANMARK," WHICH HAS BEEN PAYING A VISIT TO BRITISH WATERS: The "Danmark" has just called at Southampton on her way from Scandinavia to the Pacific. On board is a crew of 116 boys, who, in the true Danish maritime tradition, are receiving their initial training under sail. During the present voyage the "Danmark" will cross the Atlantic, pass through the Panama Canal, and then cruise up the Pacific coast to San Francisco and Seattle. When war broke out the vessel was at sea, and when she subsequently put into New York most of the members of her crew joined up for war service. The United States took over the "Danmark" as a training ship for the duration of hostilities

On right—**A MONSTER SPEED-BOAT THAT MAY CROSS THE ATLANTIC IN THREE DAYS:** The nearly-completed and newly-launched 105-ft. vessel, the largest of its kind ever built on the Thames, at Ferry Wharf, Isleworth. The boat is fitted with four 1,700-h.p. Bristol aircraft engines and will have a cruising speed of at least 38 knots. She was originally ordered two years ago, together with five others, and they were designed essentially for air-sea rescue work in the Atlantic. Of the six, this is the only one being completed, work on the others having been suspended after VE-Day. In a boat of this length great care has to be exercised in the installation of the powerful engines, as the continuous vibration is liable to damage the hull unless they are properly housed. The boat is fitted for a very wide cruising range, as it was originally intended that she should operate with the wartime convoys far out in the Western Ocean

C

FRAU SCHACHT AND HER TWO CHILDREN ARRIVE AT THE NUREMBERG COURT-HOUSE: The wife of Hitler's Finance Minister, who came to see her husband after the War Crimes Tribunal had concluded the hearing of evidence and was considering judgment. All the prisoners were allowed to receive close relatives for the first time since being taken into custody

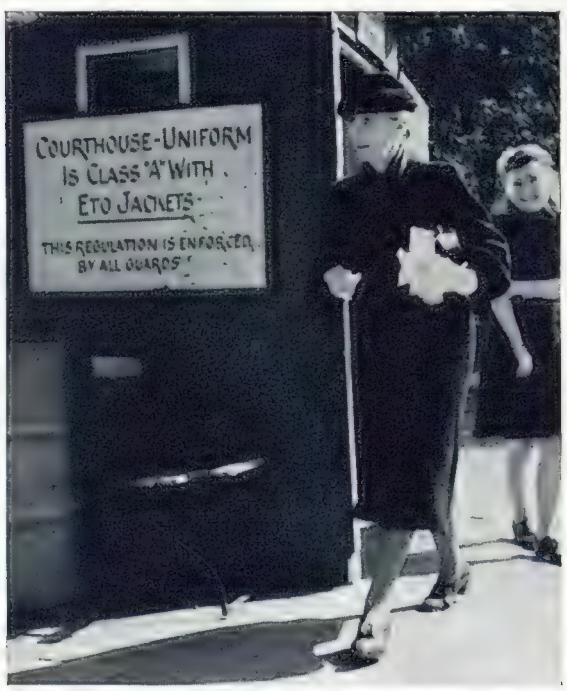
FRAU GOERING WITH HER DAUGHTER EDDA: As soon as permission was given for the accused to receive visitors, Frau Goering and Edda arrived in Nuremberg from their temporary home in Bavaria, where they live in a ranger's cottage. Frau Goering was once known to the operatic world as Emmy Sonnemann, singer at the Berlin State Opera. She is Goering's second wife

THE WIVES THAT WENT TO NUREMBERG

A SUNDAY IN THE LUSTGARTEN

While the prisoners of Nuremberg awaited the verdict of the court they were permitted to receive their wives and children, and many of the relatives came in haste to the court-house at Nuremberg as soon as they heard the news. Among the first to arrive was Frau Goering, who in the days following the capitulation denounced her husband, but who has since adopted a wise reserve. She has made her home in Bavaria in the United States zone. Most cheerful of all the relatives were the son and daughter of Von Papen, who gave every appearance of well-being

SON AND DAUGHTER OF VON PAPEN: Once their father was German Chancellor, and it was he who paved the way for Hitler's assumption of power in the face of von Hindenburg's opposition



FRAU DOENITZ AT THE COURT-HOUSE: The wife of the Grand Admiral, whose ruthless prosecution of the U-boat war brought him into the dock. Frau Doenitz appeared to be in a state of nervous tension

FRAU RIBBENTROP ARRIVES: The wife of Hitler's Foreign Minister with her son and two daughters, one of whom can just be seen behind her mother. Frau Ribbentrop has aged rapidly

"VOLTE-FACE" IN THE HEART OF BERLIN—50,000 BERLINERS THRONG THE BOMB-SHATTERED LUSTGARTEN TO WATCH THE PLACING OF WREATHS ON THE MEMORIAL TO THOSE WHO SUFFERED IN NAZI CONCENTRATION CAMPS: This picture was taken on "Remembrance Day for the Victims of Fascism." Allied flags adorned the once swastika-bedecked portico, and men in the striped clothing of the dreaded concentration camps stood before the memorial. The Mayor of Berlin, Dr. Arthur Werner, was the central figure at the ceremonies

Germany, once the home of an enlightened liberalism, appeared again at the end of last month in that same guise on "Remembrance Day for the Victims of Fascism." To many a hard-bitten, unrepentant Nazi the *volte-face* must have caused consternation, particularly as the occasion aroused considerable enthusiasm among the younger element, not only among the older folk, whose individual adherence to the Hitler creed was often open to an element of doubt. The Lustgarten, scene of so much pomp and circumstance in the '30's, bore a more democratic air on "Remembrance Sunday," and the uniforms, the braid, and the top-boots of the S.S. were conspicuous by their absence

RECALLING THE HORRORS OF DACHAU, BUCHENWALD AND AUSCHWITZ: *Left*—Men in concentration camp clothing standing before the Lustgarten memorial to the victims of Nazi-ism, and (*right*) some of the many wreaths placed on the memorial by the people of Berlin. The memorial bore the letters K.Z. (a reference to the Konzentration Lager), and a banner similarly inscribed was carried at the head of the mayoral procession to the Lustgarten. Another banner was carried in the march as a tribute to Germans of the International Brigade who died fighting against Franco during the days of the Civil War in Spain

PORTRAIT OF A FIFTEENTH-CENTURY POET : This relief of Francesco Cythio, attributed to the Dalmatian sculptor Giovanni Dalmata, is among the outstanding works at the Victoria and Albert Museum's special Exhibition of Sculpture now open to the public in an upper gallery of the Eastern Block of the Museum. Cythio was Poet Laureate of Ancona, and it is known that Giovanni worked at Ancona

THE SMILING VIRGIN AND THE LAUGHING CHIL Among the many statues and reliefs attribut to the great Leonardo da Vinci, this terra-co statuette has a strong claim to be regarded authentic. The lifelike, intensely human p of Mother and Child is obviously the work o master hand, and it is rightly considered to one of the gems of the Victoria and Albert Museu superb sculptural collection

ST. JEROME READING : This terra-cotta statuette of the visionary of Antioch and the translator of the Vulgate is attributed by many critics to Andrea del Verrochio (1435-88), the sculptor, goldsmith and painter in whose studio many of the most celebrated Florentine artists of the later fifteenth century were trained. St. Jerome, who was born of Christian parents at Stridon, had a vision when at Antioch, and this prompted him to the study of Scripture and the mastery of Hebrew, retiring to the desert to devote himself to this work. His great contribution to Christian scholarship was a translation of the Scriptures from Hebrew into Latin

OUR SCULPTURAL HERITAGE

A Remarkable Exhibition of Treasure at the Victoria and Albert Museum

Following out their policy of showing the best pie in their possession, the authorities of the Vict and Albert Museum have gathered together a remarka collection of sculpture which is now open to the pu in an upper gallery of the Eastern Block of the Muse This policy of showing only the best pieces is larg controlled by the limited space at the disposal the authorities, owing to the large area occupied by "Britain Can Make It" display. The result the visitor to the Museum is that he sees a dazzling dis of masterpieces in the several special galleries. S is with the Sculpture Gallery, now thrown open to public. Each piece on view is a treasure of its k and makes a tour of the gallery a delight and wh free from the fatigue which a larger exhibition m involve. A gorgeous ecclesiastical triptych greets at the entrance, and then follow Donatellos, Verroc and a succession of masterpieces, some outstand examples of which are reproduced on these pa

ST. JOHN THE EVANGELIST : A stone statue by the Swabian sculptor Adolph Daucher (circa 1460-1523). The coat of arms below the figure is that of von Greiffenstein, of Biberach, in Wurtemburg. The face has none of the human warmth of the Leonardo statuette

CHRIST GIVES HIS BLESSING : A remarkably beautiful detail from the carved diptych in the Salting Bequest at the Victoria and Albert Museum's Exhibition of Sculpture. It is one of the finest surviving ivories produced in England in the thirteenth century. The head of Christ reflects the influence of early monumental sculpture. The other portion of the diptych represents the Virgin and Child. It was presented to the Museum by the late George Salting, the Australian art collector, who specialised in the collection of small statuary of every description, and at his death divided his property among the big London galleries

On left—
A WARRIOR ON HORSEBACK : A celebrated statuette by Riccio, the outstanding North Italian sculptor in bronze in the early sixteenth century. There are a number of inferior versions of the same work, but this example is generally regarded as Riccio's original

On right—
AN ADORING ANGEL : One of a pair of marble figures by Michelozzo Michelozzi, who flourished in the fifteenth century and was one of the outstanding sculptors in the Florentine manner

THE MASS COURT MARTIAL AT JOHORE

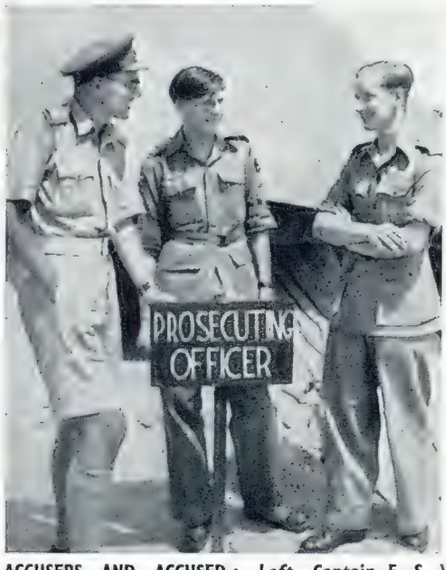
262 Soldiers Face Charges of Being Concerned in a Mutiny

The mass court martial of 262 privates of the 13th Battalion Parachute Regiment is an outcome of a mutiny at Muar last May, and it has been attended by the most unusual circumstances, including an attack on Company-Sergeant-Major O'Brien, a vital prosecution witness, whose skull was fractured during a week-end visit to Malacca following his appearance in the witness-stand.

Another witness, Major A. J. Masterton, a company commander of the Parachute Regiment, mentioned in the course of his evidence that on one occasion he published an Order giving the names of men who refused to contribute to buying a watch for the departing colonel of the battalion. A defending officer asked Major Masterton if he knew that such subscriptions were contrary to King's Regulations. The accompanying pictures were taken at Kluang Airfield during the hearing of the case, which ended last week

THE ACCUSED ARE MARCHED TO COURT: Some of the 262 privates of the 13th Battalion Parachute Regiment escorted by police across Kluang Airfield, during the hearing of the mutiny case

THE SERGEANT-MAJOR WHO "COPPED" IT! C.S.M. O'Brien outside the court-room at Kluang Airfield. After the C.S.M. gave evidence against the accused he visited Malacca for a week-end. During his stay he was attacked and injured with a blunt instrument, and was picked up, half-conscious, by a military police patrol. After ten days in hospital he once again entered the witness-box



ACCUSERS AND ACCUSED: *Left*—Captain F. S. Ward (wearing cap), who has been conducting the prosecution of the 262 men, seen with two of his assistants. *Right*—A party of the accused under escort on Kluang Airfield. Wherever they go they must be accompanied by an armed sentry and they are allowed no privacy of any kind. Verdicts and sentences were promulgated last week-end, but the Press representatives were excluded from the court on the orders of Lieut.-General Sir Montagu Stopford. Sentences totalled 486 years, and averaged about two years

THE PRESIDING OFFICER: Brigadier M. V. Wright (left), commanding the 14th Indian Infantry Brigade, with members of the court waiting for the start of the day's proceedings at Kluang Airfield. Wearing a black beret is Major J. D. M. Smith, the Judge-Advocate, who summed up the evidence last week

AWAITING THE OPENING OF THE COURT: Lieut. Savin (left, foreground) is a London police officer who was sent out to Malaya to investigate the charges of mutiny. On the right is Lieut. Hewat, of the Black Watch, Assistant Provost-Marshal, who has been in charge of the 262 prisoners

THE PROJECTED FASNAKYLE POWER HOUSE: An artist's impression of the generating station below Loch Affric which will be installed by the North of Scotland Hydro-Electric Board under their £4,800,000 plan to utilise the great water-power resources of the Glen Affric-Glen Cannich area of Inverness-shire. The work will leave the natural beauty of the two glens entirely unspoiled and it may bring an era of unexampled prosperity to the Scottish Highlands

POWER FROM GLEN AFFRIC

The North of Scotland Hydro-Electric Board Launches a £4,800,000 Electricity Scheme

Scotland, with all its vast unharnessed resources of water power, is on the verge of big developments in the industrial field, and the new Glen Affric Power Scheme in Western Inverness-shire, involving an expenditure of £4,800,000, is only the forerunner of equally ambitious schemes for the Orkneys, Bute, Arran, Morar, and other remote regions. The primary purpose of the scheme is to provide power for local consumers, for Aberdeen and Inverness Town Councils, for large industrial concerns, and for the grid, and it is hoped that it will help to bring new industries to the Highlands.

Mr. Tom Johnston, chairman of the North of Scotland Hydro-Electric Board, who is a former Secretary of State for Scotland, emphasised at a Press interview the fact that the beauty of Loch Affric will not be affected in any way. Further, he said, a new road from Cannich to the western end of Loch Beneveian will open up Glen Affric to motorists and benefit the tourist traffic which Scotland is developing. Conservation work by the Forestry Commissioners in association with the Board will preserve the beautiful birches for which the district is famed and which have been dying off in recent years. The only agricultural subjects affected by the scheme will be two crofts, and the crofters will have the opportunity of steady employment with the Board.

The power from the catchment area of 124 square miles will be about 70,000 kilowatts from two generating stations, and the average annual output will be about 250,000,000 units. The Board's technical experts will assist and advise how best to apply cheap power to new enterprises in industry and agriculture. Local consumers will have priority. It is hoped to have a considerable surplus of power for sale, the profits from which will provide electricity in non-economic distribution areas in the Highlands.

"This scheme," declared Mr. Johnston, "is primarily for the benefit of the whole Highland community. This is the first big chance the Highlands have had, and I don't know of any alternative. My impression is that 98 per cent. of the Highlanders—some put it higher—want electricity, and this scheme is the first step on the road to prosperity." Two thousand men will be required for the construction work and priority will be given to Highland residents.

A NEW HAMLET WILL ARISE IN THE HIGHLANDS: An artist's impression of a village planned by the North of Scotland Hydro-Electric Board to provide accommodation for workers on the Glen Affric-Glen Cannich project. The houses will be in the Highland tradition, but they will be electrically-equipped and modern in every way. Local stone will be used

WHERE A NEW DAM WILL BE BUILT: A low-lying part of Glen Affric across which it is proposed to erect a barrage. Altogether 2,000 workers will be employed on this £4,800,000 scheme, and first priority will be given to men from Labour Exchanges in the district. Throughout the area an improvement will be made in road communications, and tourists in Western Inverness-shire, one of the wildest parts of the Highlands, will find the whole section much more accessible

THE SCENIC GRANDEUR OF THE AFFRIC, ONE OF THE MOUNTAIN TORRENTS WHICH IS TO BE HARNESSED: The River Affric at the Dog Fall, about midway between Loch Beneveian, where a large dam is to be constructed, and the proposed power station at Fasnakyle. Loch Affric's beauty will remain wholly unspoilt, and an adequate level of water will be maintained in the river and its tributaries at every season of the year

NEWS FROM EUROPE, ASIA and MID-PACIFIC

A GIFT FROM THE U.S. NAVY: A young native of Bikini Atoll outside his new home on neighbouring Rongerik Atoll, to which he and the rest of the population were transferred

Ousted from their ancestral homes among the palm-trees of Bikini Atoll to make way for Admiral Blandy's atom bomb experiment, the Bikinians had no reason for satisfaction, but the American Navy has sought to put matters right for them by building a new and better village amid the palm-trees of Rongerik. The building work has been done by the Naval Construction Battalions, and, in addition to erecting houses, they have installed a concrete cistern for collecting rain-water and other amenities

BULGARIA REJECTS THE MONARCHY: Nine-year-old ex-King Simeon II of Bulgaria aboard the Turkish ship "Aksu" at Istanbul in company with the Queen-Mother and his sister, Marie Louise. They were en route to Alexandria after hearing the result of the Bulgarian referendum on the monarchy which rejected King Simeon. Simeon's father, King Boris, led Bulgaria into war on the side of the Axis just as his grandfather, King Ferdinand ("Foxy Ferdy"), had supported the Kaiser in the first World War. King Simeon will live in Egypt with his mother's parents, ex-King Victor Emmanuel of Italy and ex-Queen Helena

ROYALIST ENTHUSIASM IN ANTWERP: Boy Scouts and Sea Scouts parading through the thronged city with large-scale portraits of King Leopold III during a demonstration held in support of his return to the throne. This picture was taken in the Place de Mere, and shows in the background the twenty-four-storey office building known as the Torengbouw. The procession took four hours to pass this point, and subsequently flowers were laid at the entrance to the King's unoccupied Antwerp home, which lay along the route

WASHING UP THE SIEGFRIED LINE! The first stage in the destruction of a giant blockhouse along Germany's once-famed West Wall. The blockhouse was artfully constructed so that at a distance on the ground or from the air it appeared as part of the structure of the church which stood in the immediate background. All along the Siegfried Line demolition is being carried out by German prisoners of war under the supervision of the French Army Corps of Engineers. It is a formidable task, involving the employment of many hundreds of tons of high-explosive, mostly captured from the Germans

THE WEST WALL CRUMBLES TO DESTRUCTION: This picture shows a second phase in the explosion of a blockhouse on the Siegfried Line, a task being carried out by German prisoners of war. The programme of the French Army calls for the demolition of forty blockhouses each day

MUSSOLINIS IN THEIR ISLAND HOME : Romano and Anna Maria, the youngest children of the dead dictator, seen at the piano in their home on the island of Ischia, in Naples Bay, where they live with their mother, Donna Rachele. On the piano is a drawing of the Duce

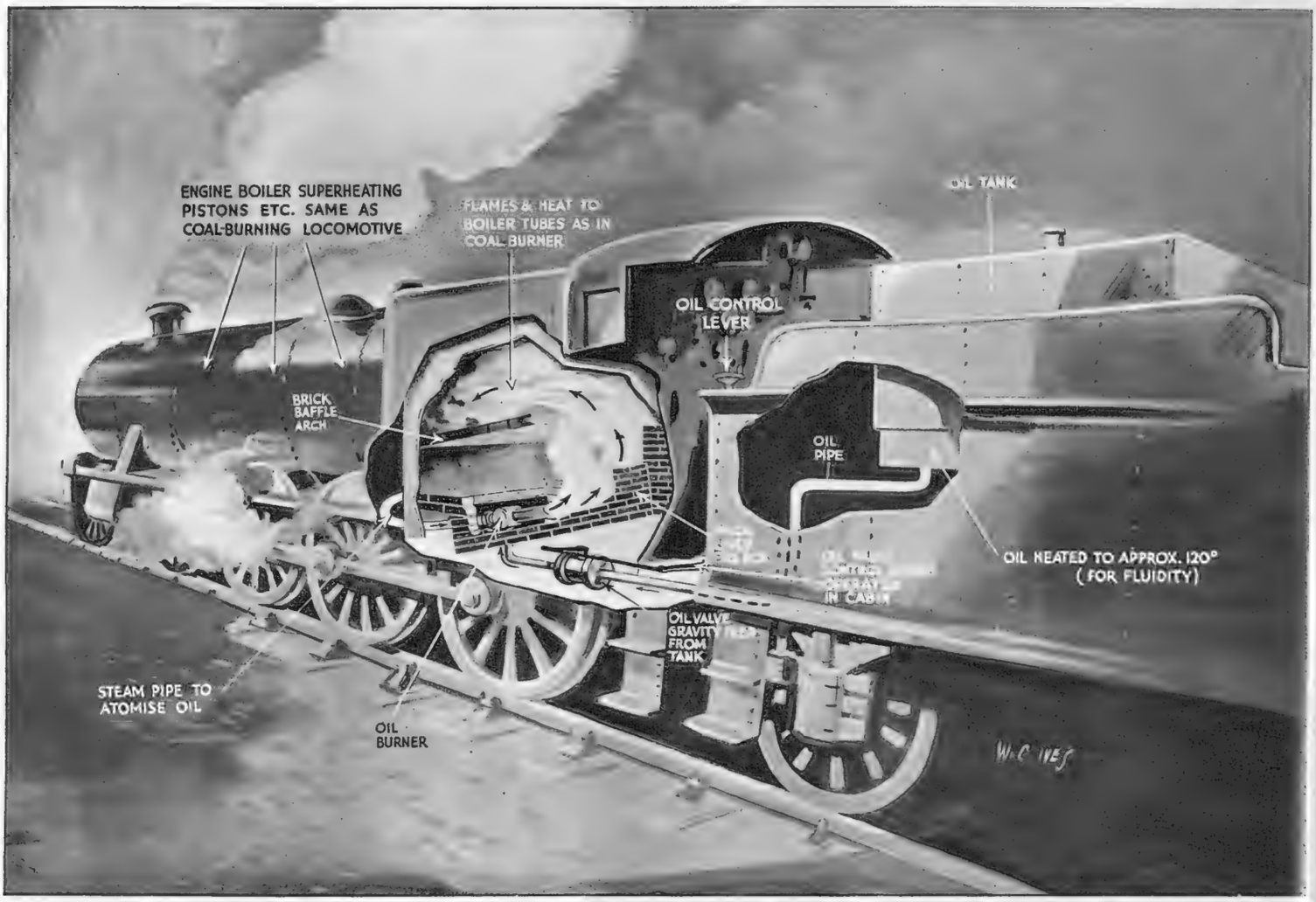
THE FORMER SECRETARY OF LONDON ZOO TAKES UP HIS NEW DUTIES IN PARIS : Dr. Julian Huxley, the Secretary-General of U.N.E.S.C.O. (left), being greeted by Roger Seydoux on arrival at the Gare du Nord, Paris. On the right is Mrs. Huxley. The headquarters of U.N.E.S.C.O. will be on the Avenue Kleber in a building formerly occupied by the United States Army. Professor Huxley's main task will be to help in the rebuilding of educational and cultural life in the various countries which suffered through the disruptive influences of the German occupation

WANTED FOR FORTY-SIX MURDERS : Ballon, a Polish Displaced Person, in Wetzlar Prison, Germany, following his arrest by American police. Ballon is alleged to have been leader of a gang engaged in looting and bootlegging, and he is suspected of killing forty-three Germans and three Americans. He has told the police that, during the war, he vowed vengeance on the Nazis for the murder of his parents and his three brothers in Poland. He planned to kill ten Germans for each member of his family who suffered

THE VOICE OF JAPANESE LABOUR : Mrs. Kame Tarizuka, a member of the Japanese Railway Workers' Union, speaking at a recent rally in Tokyo when she urged 15,000 Tokyo women to oppose the Labour Relations Bill. This picture is of special interest in that it reveals the extent to which Japanese women are now taking part in politics. During the General Election Japanese women voted for the first time and women candidates were elected to Parliament

ROMANO STRUMS ON THE GUITAR AND HIS SISTER READS : The two younger children of Mussolini on the balcony of their island home at Ischia, in the Bay of Naples. Romano and Anna sometimes take their accordion and guitar to play at the Torrione Restaurant, an inn which derives its name from an ancient Saracen-built tower overlooking the Mediterranean. Rumour has it that Anna serves at table and that they are paid for their musical performances, but Italo Formichella, the Mussolini family attorney, has strenuously denied this in interviews with the Press. Anna walks stiffly from the hips, as she has not fully recovered as yet from the effects of infantile paralysis which she contracted in her youth. They profess no interest in politics

HIKOSAKU SAKOMOTO AND HIS MARATHON RUN TO TOKYO : The sixty-one-year-old Japanese decided to make the journey on foot from his home at Shirakawa, and he ran the 117 miles to the capital in twenty-nine hours. Sakomoto is seen here as he padded through the suburbs of the city, his beard flowing picturesquely in the breeze and his arms swinging. In response to Press inquiries he declared in his thin, piping voice : "I think Japan's younger generation is soft"



THE OIL-BURNING LOCOMOTIVE IS ADOPTED BY BRITISH RAILWAYS: A diagrammatic drawing of the new system of fuelling which, following experiments on the Great Western Railway, is to be widely used throughout the country. Instead of shovelling coal the stoker of the oil-burning engine now sits at his controls, watches the oil-pressure gauge, and releases fuel-oil as and when required. Under the present programme, 1,200 heavy-duty railway engines are to be converted—*Drawing by W. C. Ives*

OIL-BURNING RAILWAY ENGINES

OIL FROM THE SEA BED

It has long been known that in various parts of the world valuable oil-bearing pockets lie below the ocean bed, and only recently details were given in THE SPHERE of the present survey and drilling programme in the Gulf of Paria, off Trinidad. As a result of the initial success of that experiment, the Standard Oil Company is carrying out a similar geophysical survey off the Bahamas, and from the radar-equipped yacht *Stanba* scientists and engineers are exploring the ocean bed in a diving chamber. If they find oil in quantities, drills will be driven into the ocean bed and the oil will be pumped to shore installations.

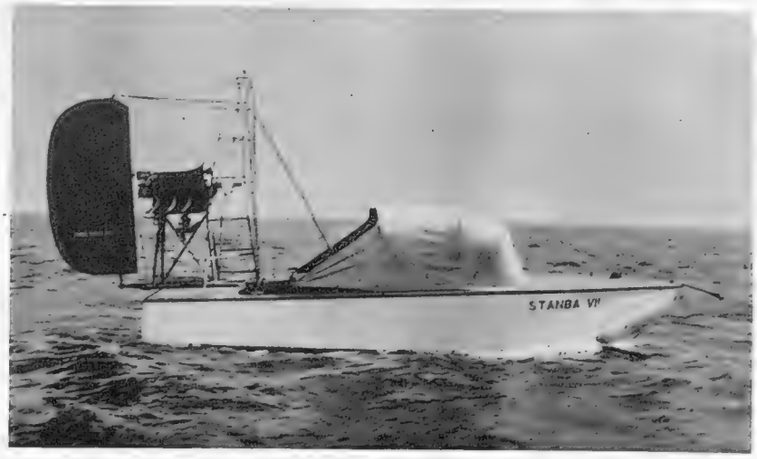
To-day in Britain coal is one of our most precious assets and, with coal production falling, every ton saved will play its part during the winter months when industry's needs are greatest. Assisting notably in this saving are the British railways, and their new plan to convert 1,200 heavy-duty railway engines from coal to oil will save roughly 1,440,000 tons of coal a year.

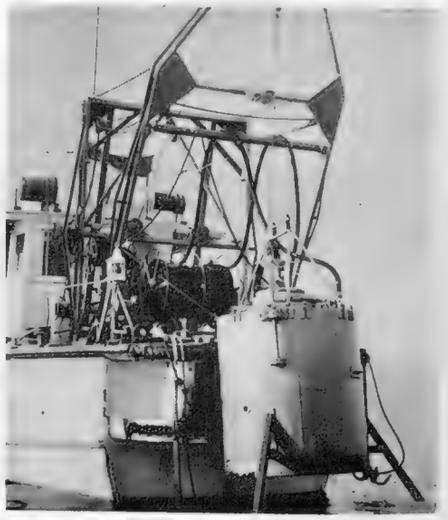
The change-over, authorised by the Minister of Transport, will mean that at least 1,000,000 extra tons of oil will have to be imported each year, but there will be no difficulty in getting the increased supplies from Venezuela, Persia, and the Netherlands West Indies.

Among the pioneers of the oil-burning locomotive is the Great Western Railway, which experimented in South Wales during the war years with oil-burning freight locomotives, and the company is now in process of converting twenty-five passenger engines to the cleaner and more efficient system. Altogether the G.W.R. will convert 216 engines under the present programme, while the L.N.E.R. will convert 450, the L.M.S. 485, and the Southern 110.

The first of the new oil-burning passenger locomotives is the *Garth Hall*, which operates on the Paddington to Bristol express service. She can carry sufficient fuel for 250 miles.

SEEKING OIL BENEATH BAHAMAN WATERS—**The research vessel "Stanba" in action off the coast of the Bahamas, where her crew of scientists and engineers are engaged in mapping rock and sand formations below the ocean bed with a view to discovering the extent of the oil-bearing pockets. At the stern is the diving chamber**





THE HUNT FOR NEW OILFIELDS: ***Left*****—The shallow draught, airscrew-driven motor-boat used by the Standard Oil Company in the Bahamas for research in shallow waters; and (*right*) the diving chamber lowered from the stern of the research vessel when operating in deeper areas. The chamber is radar-equipped and it is thus possible to plot geological formations**

Above—**THIS IS THE BRABAZON II. B : An artist's impression of the new air-liner now being constructed by Armstrong-Whitworth and details of which were made known to the public at the annual exhibition of the Society of British Aircraft Constructors staged recently at Radlett. The Brabazon II. B is a low-wing monoplane powered by four Mamba airscrew turbines, and it will weigh 35,000 lbs. and will carry between twenty-four and thirty passengers in a pressurised cabin at a cruising speed of more than 250 m.p.h. This drawing gives a very clear idea of the great whale-like fuselage, and the machine will offer passengers a notably high standard of comfort**—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

A NEW BRABAZON

AN AERIAL TREASURE-HUNT IN SUFFOLK

Below—**AN AERIAL TREASURE-HUNT IN THE EASTERN COUNTIES : An Airspeed Consul, equipped with electrical divining instruments, flying above Mildenhall and Barton Mills, Suffolk, in a search for buried treasure. An artist's impression of a project which has been formulated by a group of archæologists, and which is to be put into operation when the harvest is over. The scheme arises out of the discovery of the collection of Roman silver at West Row during the war, and antiquarians are of the opinion that further treasure will be brought to light. Details of the scheme are being kept a close secret, but it is to be assumed that the "divining" plane will comb the countryside as if on a photographic survey**—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

THE CATFORD RAIL SMASH

And Other News Events of Recent Days

Nearly 100 yards of railway-line, torn from the sleepers and bent like a grotesque giant hair-pin, ripped through three compartments of a Southern Railway train last week in an accident at Catford. Four of the train's nine coaches plunged down an embankment into the car-park of Catford Greyhound Stadium, but of the seventeen passengers who were taken to hospital only one was detained. Others continued their journey to Ramsgate by a later train. Twenty-three-year-old Harold Stone, of Sheffield, who was killed as the rail pierced one of the coaches, had just been demobilised. During the war he survived thirty-five operational flights

A FREAK RAILWAY ACCIDENT IN A LONDON SUBURB : Railway coaches lying along the 30-ft. embankment near the car-park of Catford Greyhound Stadium after the 2.10 train from Victoria to Ramsgate had become derailed. An extraordinary feature of the disaster was the way in which a portion of uprooted rail pierced the carriage on the left and also two other carriages

IRISH WOMEN WEAVE A CARPET FOR SOUTH AFRICA'S PARLIAMENT HOUSE : Work in progress at the Killybegs carpet factory, County Donegal, on the 1½-ton hand-made carpet which it is hoped to instal in the Assembly Building, Cape Town, in readiness for the visit of the King and Queen next year. *Inset on right*—Part of the carpet so far completed. The design is floral and the background is sage green

Irish girls of County Donegal are hard at work these days at the Killybegs carpet factory completing the luxurious carpet for the South African Parliament House. From a huge loom, the foundation cords of the Cape Town carpet hang like the strings of a giant's harp, and the fingers of the seated girls engaged in its manufacture flit from string to string with the dexterity, sureness and skill of a master harpist playing a favourite composition as they weave the wool into the chosen design. The work is highly skilled. Each girl has her own particular part of the pattern to follow, and she is guided by a design numbered to a shade-card placed before her. When completed the Cape Town carpet, measuring 80 ft. by 26 ft., will weigh 1½ tons. It will be hand-woven throughout, with a 1-in. pile. The design is floral with a sage-green ground, other colours incorporated being cream and gold : 4,000 lbs. of wool are being used

IE TWO-STOREY PREFABRICATED HOUSE ARRIVES: Lorries in Berkeley Square loaded with a new type of aluminium home supplied in sections. The house, which takes approximately five hours to set up on the prepared foundations, has two living-rooms and a kitchen downstairs, and three bedrooms with a bathroom and a lavatory upstairs. Ministry of Works officials watched the prototype being erected and were impressed by the speed

IN HISTORIC BERKELEY SQUARE—THE SECOND STOREY IS HOISTED INTO POSITION: This picture was taken on the site of No. 36, during the demonstration before Ministry of Works officials of the speed at which the new aluminium prefabricated house could be erected

ROAR AT A LONDON CHURCH: A police officer interviewing a man in clerical garb outside the church of St. Cuthbert, Philbeach Gardens, after a number of men and women had been ejected from the building. It appears that a body known as the National Union of Protestants staged a demonstration at the church, and that the ejections followed a violent struggle in the aisles

AFTER THE FRACAS WAS OVER: Police on duty outside St. Cuthbert's, Philbeach Gardens, as the congregation dispersed following the extraordinary outburst organised by the National Union of Protestants. As the Rev. R. V. Glazebrook, the celebrant, reached the most solemn moment in the service, a man began to read in a loud voice from a printed slip in his hand: "This is a parish church of the Church of England, Protestant and Reformed as established by law. Masses are unlawful." This led to an immediate fracas

ONEMASONS AT WORK ON THE PINNACLE OF MAGDALEN: The tower was considerably damaged by the Luftwaffe during the war, and much of the stonework is now being refaced. At the summit of the tower it is a traditional custom to sing a Latin hymn at sunrise on May Day. The tower is one of the University's greatest landmarks. Magdalen stands at the east end of the High Street and it has a deer park and extensive grounds

HIGH ABOVE OXFORD'S "HIGH": Steeplejacks on the tower of Magdalen College, where they are engaged in repairing war damage. The cupola in the distance is that of the Sheldonian Theatre

FORGOTTEN LUXURIES

The Lure of the "Britain Can Make It" Exhibition

By CHARLES GRAVES

THE KING OPENS THE "BRITAIN CAN MAKE IT" EXHIBITION AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM: His Majesty, accompanied by Queen Elizabeth, speaking at the inaugural ceremony when he issued a stirring call for industry to make British design "a hall-mark of pre-eminence in the eyes of the world"

THE EXHIBITION DRAWS THE CROWD: A long queue waiting to be admitted to the Victoria and Albert Museum on the opening day of the "Britain Can Make It" Exhibition, the first great demonstration of industrial achievement to be held in any country since the war ended

THE psychological effect of the "Britain Can Make It" Exhibition at the Victoria and Albert Museum will be fascinating to study as time goes on and more and more people see what they cannot buy. The immediate effect on the citizens is a dumb, glazed look about the eyes. Theirs, indeed, is the "Britain Can Take It" expression, except for the few children who see the toys, and whose desire to possess one is evident anguish to the parents. The bulk of the visitors are young couples who are evidently just married or engaged to be married. Queueing up patiently over a mile from the entrance, they wander through room after room, corridor after corridor, and hall after hall displaying goods of a range and quality which they must have completely forgotten.

Until the opening of this exhibition, one needed to visit the United States or Switzerland to realise how really austere the austerity of Sir Stafford Cripps has become over the past three or four years. Now, thousands of people every day are having their eyes opened much in the same way as Russian troops in occupied Germany have begun to learn that life can be much more attractive in countries which are not shackled to a Five-Year Plan.

It is possible, of course, that the sight of all these wonderful goods may produce a general incentive to people to do more work in order to balance our foreign currency problems more quickly, and thus enable us to buy our own goods instead of having to export them to countries already living in the lap of luxury. On the other hand, the British public is not necessarily so asinine as to pursue dangled carrots indefinitely. So much for the psychological side of the exhibition, except that, temporarily, I would very much like to hear the reactions of a typical North Country coal-miner and his wife to this Aladdin's cave of merchandise.

DESIGN FOR A LIVING-ROOM IN A TOWN HOUSE: A conception of modern furnishing and decoration by Mr. R. G. Russell at the "Britain Can Make It" Exhibition. The fluorescent lights are covered with fluted shades, black-and-white stripes on a chocolate background adorn the walls, and the bookcase has corrugated, perspex, sliding doors. Fitments are of light mahogany

A DINING-ROOM IN A SUBURBAN HOME: A design by David Booth, the keynote being the built-in shelves for china. The oak sideboard is inset in the centre. The shelves are glass-fronted for cleanliness. The chairs are upholstered in red

The real purpose of the exhibition is, as the King said, "to make British design a hall-mark of pre-eminence in the eyes of the world, as British materials and workmanship have long been." Importers of British goods all over the world have for many years complained that our exports have been more solid than attractive, and that it was high time our manufacturers put some style into their goods. This has at last been done, and the result is quite astonishing. Admittedly the organisers, the Council of Industrial Design, have borrowed almost the entire decor from the Théâtre des Modes Exhibition sponsored by the Continental *Daily Mail* at Princes Galleries a year ago. Admittedly, too, there are two major absentees in the exhibits. The first is a model of the *Queen Elizabeth*, which ought surely to have been there, and the other a model of the *Tudor II*.

There is also much to be desired in the section devoted to men's clothing and shoes. These are certainly not, in my opinion, up to the high standard of Conduit Street, Savile Row and Dover Street. This, fortunately, does not matter so much, because the reputation of English clothes and shoes stands so high throughout the world. Another point is that the organisers have been very tardy in their printing of the supplement to the catalogue, which was still not available last week. Time and again on my tour of the Victoria and Albert Museum, I looked for further information on the exhibits, only to find the words "see supplement" in the index. It is the supplement, apparently, which contains all relevant information about men's wear, millinery and designers, for example.

That, indeed, is a very interesting point. The casual visitor to the exhibition is led to believe, doubtless unconsciously, that the Council of Industrial Design not only planned the exhibition, but also designed all the new-style goods. Which, of course, is by no means the case. The fact, however, is that a cloak of anonymity has been spread over the identities of the real brains behind the present drive for modernising the style of our export goods.

Industrial designing is almost the newest profession in the country. In the United States it dates back to 1926 and in this country to 1937. There are probably only a dozen first-class industrial designers in the world, of whom the United States can claim four or five, and Great Britain can claim a mere three. The American industrial designers are Raymond Lowey, Norman Bel Geddes and Walter Dorwin Teague. The British trio—and only one of them is English—are Wells Coates, who is also an architect and comes from British Columbia; Misha Black, who is a naturalised British subject, and Richard Lonsdale-Hands. All three of them are well represented in the exhibition, having designed anything from toasting racks to radio sets. But it is almost impossible to discover which is actually their individual work.

Until the arrival of the industrial designer, manufacturing companies relied on their own staff to "style" their goods. To-day, distributing firms, travel firms and general traders, in addition to manufacturing companies, employ outside specialists for handsome retainers of some thousands of pounds a year, because they find it pays. It may be Lyons and Company who want all their crockery styled; it may be Ecko or Cossor who want their new range of radio sets and television sets to combine beauty with economy; it may be Schweppes desirous of having really attractive bottles for their new, much-advertised Schweppervescence; it may be the British Overseas Airways Corporation determined to have a really smart design of motor-coach to take their passengers to and from their various aerodromes. Industrial design is still, however, in its infancy, though the present exhibition ought certainly to make an adult profession in a very short space of time.

Now about the actual exhibits. The cut-glass and coloured china makes one's mouth water after years of utility pottery and common, ugly glass. The toy section is delightful. Here there is a revolving stall covered with dolls and such-like, exactly reminiscent of a side-show at a circus, except that the goods are new and glossy. There are gold cigarette-cases and, though these are distinctly flashy, examples of men's jewellery in the form of dress-studs and cuff-links.

There are model kitchens with every kind of refrigerator, electric stove and the latest thing in washing plates and dishes. There is a whole series of rooms which have been specially designed for the character and profession of its occupant. These range from a thirty-five-year-old woman journalist who has a bed-sitting-room in a block of flats, to the living-room of a successful Harley Street doctor's big town house. There are living-rooms suitable for miners, agricultural labourers, even B.B.C. announcers. Each of them has an amusing sketch by Nicholas Bentley of the type of person or persons for whom they are specially designed.

I do not know enough about women's clothes to give expert opinion on the English fashions displayed, but I suspect that they are not exactly up to the standards of Paris. On the other hand, the dressing-tables are delightfully lavish and non-utility. So are the various manicure sets and other adjuncts to feminine beauty.

But wherever you go, you are confronted by little tags which say "Available soon" or "Available later" or (this is very rare and only in small quantities) "Available now." In the latter case you feel a slight shadow of the British Industries Fair, expecting to have a salesman or saleswoman pressing you to buy. In fact, however, the various officials standing near the cases claim bland ignorance of the prices of any of the goods shown, and the general effect is that of the child's tag, "This year, next year, sometime, never."

Which brings one back again to the psychological effect of this exhibition on the public. There is no doubt that "Britain Can Make It" is a fairyland of forbidden pleasures placed tantalisingly near one with the unspoken warning, "Baby mustn't touch."

Personally, I agree with the *Daily Mail*, which says that to show these goods and to withhold them from the people of Britain is an error. A similar mistake was made during the war, when the workers were ignorant of how the machines and parts they made were being used. This error was rectified. The explanatory visits of fighting men to the factories stimulated production. A similar fillip is needed now. But to-day the workers do not want to know how others are using their products. They want to use them for themselves. There is too much utility, too little variety and quality. There are too few goods. This is bad for their morale. More goods for home use are an urgent necessity if Britain is to "make it" cheerfully and to the limit of capacity.

There is also another reason for it. This is to restore the value of the £. When goods are scarce, prices are constantly rising. Each week the pound notes in the workers' pay envelopes are worth a fraction less than they were a week before. If there were plenty of goods for the home market, there need be no talk of price control or wages control. When goods are plentiful, prices fall. When people can buy, they have an incentive to work and produce more. That is the lesson that the exhibition at the Victoria and Albert Museum should teach.

NICHOLAS HANNEN AS THE EARL OF KENT, LAURENCE OLIVIER AS KING LEAR AND JOYCE REDMAN AS CORDELIA IN THE FINAL ACT OF THE PLAY: Lear and Cordelia spend their last hours together, before the tragic end of their lives

"WE ARE NOT THE FIRST WHO WITH THE BEST MEANING HAVE INCURR'D THE WORST": Cordelia tries to comfort her father before she is hanged and he dies, at the end of the play. A photograph taken during the dress rehearsal

EDGAR CHALLENGES EDMUND, HIS BASTARD HALF-BROTHER, TO THE DUEL IN WHICH THE TRAITOR IS SLAIN: On the left of the picture is Peter Copley (Edmund), behind him Cecil Winter (the Duke of Albany). On the right are Michael Warre (Edgar) and Pamela Brown (Goneril). Margaret Leighton played the part of Regan

FIRST-NIGHTERS THIRTY-SIX HOURS BEFORE THE CURTAIN ROSE AT THE NEW THEATRE: They were fortunate in having a dry night, and they spent the day reading and knitting. One man dictated business letters to his secretary, while others chatted or slept

OLIVIER'S LEAR

The Old Vic Production: and Other Theatrical News

Laurence Olivier has followed nobly the Old Vic's tradition of bringing Shakespeare to London audiences, and he takes his place with John Gielgud and Donald Wolfit in making a great personal success in the West End. His King Lear is, in the words of a current revue, a *tour de force*, and his performance was epitomised by *The Times* critic as "Unfaltering! Unflagging!" His virile style is at its best in Lear's mad ragings, but the entire characterisation is one of great sensibility and individuality. Mr. Olivier is responsible for the production and it has been criticised as less effective than his acting. The decor by Roger Furse of no particular period is reminiscent of Olivier's film of *Henry V*

AN ACTRESS, A DRAMATIST AND A WOMAN OF WESSEX: A prelude to the Old Vic's production of "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" at Bristol. Ronald Gow has dramatised *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*, and his wife, Wendy Hiller, will play the part of Tess. They made a journey to the little Dorset village of Wool to meet Margaret Torevell, who gave them much valuable advice on the speech and customs of the Hardy country, which author and actress will use in their interpretation

"ITMA" IS ON THE AIR AGAIN: Tommy Handley has three new names for the most popular of the B.B.C.'s light features. In this photograph are (left to right): Hugh Morton, Lind Joyce, Deryck Guyler, Tommy Handley, Diana Morrison, Jack Train (Colonel Chinstrap), Molly Weir, Tony Francis and Fred Yule

The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

THE FANCIES OF MR. FADIMAN

An American Critic Describes His Personal Taste in Literature: Small Boys and Rough Shooting: The Fantastical Stories of John Pudney

THE jacket of READING I'VE LIKED (Hamish Hamilton. 15s.) describes it as a prose anthology selected by Clifton Fadiman. Perhaps because Mr. Fadiman has some forthright things to say about the uselessness of blurbs, the publisher does not vouchsafe any further information than a list of the selected authors.

Before venturing his 15s. on Mr. Fadiman's personal taste in literature, the reader might justifiably wish to know something about Mr. Fadiman. In the first place, this collection was originally compiled and published in New York in 1941, at which time Mr. Fadiman was the book critic of the *New Yorker*. He has subsequently moved on to other spheres of activity, notably of that of a nationally famous broadcaster.

In an informative and discursive preface, in which his dislikes are underlined as vigorously as his likes, Mr. Fadiman sketches his own literary career and delivers himself of some dicta on the "subtle and venerable art" of literary criticism. He goes on to draw the distinction between that art and "my trade," of which he says this book is largely a by-product. "I offer herein these selections not of a reader, but of a particular kind of reader, specialised like a retriever or an aphid: in short, a reviewer. A literary critic is a whole man exercising his wholeness through the accidental medium of books and authors. A reviewer is not a whole man. He is that partial man, an expert. Many of his human qualities are vestigial, others hypertrophied. All experts are monsters."

From thence he goes on to demonstrate the monstrosities in practice, and very amusing and instructive reading it is too. He makes the point, for instance, that no one reviewer, nor even a chorus of them, can make a book popular, whereas the President of the United States or the Prime Minister of Great Britain have demonstratedly managed to do so. He finds it a minor trait in the American character which makes people pay less attention to the judgment of literary critics than to distinguished non-professionals, although he is too polite to extend that true dictum to this country.

D. H. Lawrence once said that criticism is nothing if it is not personal, and no one can deny Mr. Fadiman's challenging personal style. His very selections are as varied as the spectrum, although, like it, they have a homogeneity.

To this reviewer at least, the commentaries on each selection are the most entertaining part of the book. Mr. Fadiman seldom fails to startle one with a new angle, as, for instance, when he (palpably falsely) says of Virginia Woolf that "her work, like that of D. H. Lawrence and Lytton Strachey, has fallen into eclipse." While he is certain that there is no such thing as a "born writer" ("it is a craft, which means that it must be learned"), he is equally certain that Mr. Somerset Maugham "is one of those writers, never of the highest rank, who seemed to have been born civilised."

Except for these amusing pieces, most of the rest of this volume will be familiar to English readers, who, nevertheless, may very well be grateful to be reintroduced to them. But there is one item which few people on this side can have read, or even know about. That is a review of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* by Mr. C. K. Ogden which appeared in the American *Saturday Review of Literature* on October 23, 1926. It is pure joy. Mr. Fadiman challenges his reader to find in it at least one "most outrageous *double-entendre*." He should look at it again: there are two.

In JOURNEY HOME (Faber. 10s. 6d.), Mr. E. H. Partridge has written an unusually satisfying book, which is partly the account of his own favourite country pursuits and partly a discussion of the spiritual discontents which he finds torment us nowadays. The author, who is the headmaster of a boys' school, takes the view that we have grown out of touch with our natural environment and that we are beginning to live at second-hand. He believes that men must re-create themselves before they set out to build new worlds, and so it is with recreation that he is concerned here.

Mr. Partridge's own choices are for shooting and fishing, and also for the enchantment that comes to an intent and practised observer when he is walking about the countryside alone. One of his theories is that boys should be accustomed at an early age to field sports, and this he practises by taking groups of different boys out on rough-shooting expeditions. The result of one of these forays was the following conversation overheard by the author in a dormitory bathroom.

"Did you have a good day?"
"Grand."
"Did the Head hit anything?"
"Not much."
"Did you see the cat?"
"Yes, rather!"
"Did it stink?"

The book is illustrated by Miss M. E. Eldridge with line drawings that seem like a projection, in another medium, of the author's own line of thought: perceptive, serious, though with occasional humour, and invariably interesting.

A RETURN TO FINE-ART PUBLISHING: Two of the magnificent coloured lithographs by Hans Feibusch which adorn the text of "The Revelation of St. John" (Collins. 16s.), a magnificently bound and produced volume setting out the awe-inspiring Biblical prophecies adumbrating the end of the world and the creation of the New Jerusalem. Hans Feibusch is an artist of distinction, and he does a great deal of mural work. His pictures on the walls of a Brighton and an Eastbourne church are among the most interesting and modern examples of an old art

The most considerable feat in Miss Evelyn Eaton's new novel is her establishing of a young hero with the name of Lulu. Not, I would have said, an heroic name, and definitely on the debit side of any romantic accounting. Nevertheless, this Lulu, a Provençal peasant boy, has his share of tough adventure, commits a crime of passion, lives with gipsies and fights in the Spanish Civil War.

PRAY TO THE EARTH (Cassell. 7s. 6d.) is written in what seems to be a deliberately simplified style which somehow makes the descriptions of violence, which are a part of the story, rather disconcerting. It is not a style that I enjoy, and I believe the author to be capable of writing with more authority and less naïvete than this. But I do congratulate her on the freedom with which she has always chosen the settings fo her stories, moving from lan to sea, and from Corsica t France with the ease of on who will never know what it to be insular.

Mr. John Pudney's collec tion of fantastical stories ar sometimes a little self-conscio and sometimes degenerate int whimsy, but there is a sweet reasonableness in mos of the author's delightful creations here whic induces that state known as a "suspension o disbelief." IT BREATHED DOWN MY NECK (Joh Lane. 8s. 6d.) contains eighteen of these shor stories, including the tale of the elephant wh brought happiness into the Albions' bleak suburba home from the moment he announced himself t little Lily at the front door: "I am your uncl Arthur"; and the story of the fruit hat whic came to life upon Edna's head at her mother's funeral.

Best of all, though most perplexing and mos diverting, is the story of young Ernie, who contracte an alarming condition of being able to se through walls. For his parents thi meant the shattering of the cos punctuality of Sunday dinner an all the hallowed hypocrisy of middle class propriety. Nothing was saf from Ernie's observation—not th Vicar hunting for his false teeth o the vestry floor, nor Ernie's mothe secreting the doctor's periodicals i her bag as she waits for her son t be cured.

And "cured" he is; for th doctor has made him promise neve to mention seeing through walls t anyone again. I think you may enjoy this selection of the weird and the whimsy, unless your tastes and inclinations run strictly to the factual and the natural.

There are some war books which should be Required Reading and bought, even if the mood of the first years of peace is incompatible with them, to study later on. Books nowadays can be out of print with distressing promptness, and from the reader's point of view opportunity seldom knocks twice.

Such a book is RAILROAD OF DEATH (Commodore Press. 12s. 6d.), which gives the experiences of a junior officer working on the notorious Bangkok-Moulmein Railway as a prisoner-of-war of the Japanese. Mr. John Coast, the author, was captured at Singapore, transported at first to Banpong, and then, with the rest of a working party, moved gradually northwards, building up bridges and embankments for the railway. Conditions varied from moderately bad to unspeakably frightful, and depended entirely on the changing moods of their captors.

For the Japanese were totally unpredictable, and their behaviour might be influenced one moment by the self-importance and vanity which prompted them to wear lavender gloves and insist on being saluted constantly, or, at another moment, by bestial cruelty when their dignity was upset. Mr. Coast writes in a straight, conversational style, managing to combine a clear account of those years seen in perspective from the present life of comforts and proper nourishment, with the clear remembrance of how he and the others felt then, when everyone's attitude towards life was distorted by hunger and sickness, pain and humiliation.

SHORTER NOTICES OF SOME OF THE NEW BOOKS

Mr. Winston Churchill made five speeches of major importance in secret sessions of the House of Commons during the war, and, in accordance with Parliamentary custom, these speeches were not recorded even for official and historical purposes. Mr. Churchill's notes, however, were preserved, and from these Charles Eade has compiled a volume of fascinating interest entitled SECRET SESSION SPEECHES (Cassell and Co. 6s.). The Battle of the Atlantic, The Fall of Singapore, and the relationship of Admiral Darlan to the North African landings are among the main subjects reviewed by the wartime Premier.

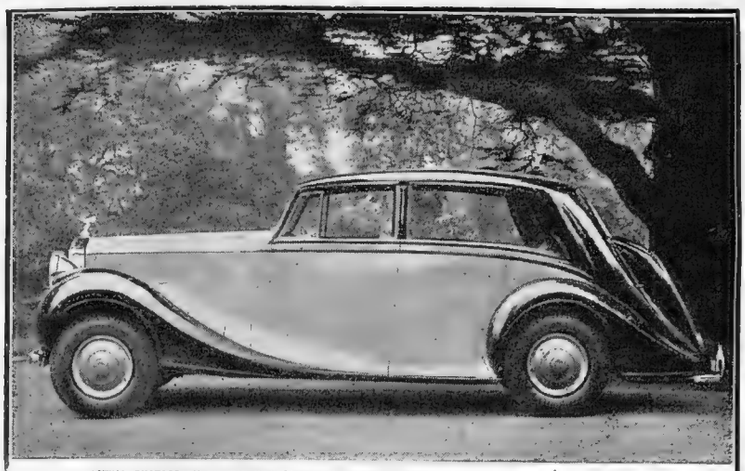
BRITAIN'S STRUCTURE AND SCENERY (Collins. 16s.) is by L. Dudley Stamp, and is the latest addition to "The New Naturalist" Series. The book deals with the physical background which provides the fundamental environment for plants, animals and man, and it is written with simplicity and clarity, and admirably illustrated.

MOST HAPPY HUSBANDMAN, by Ethelind Fearon (Macdonald. 12s. 6d.), is an account of a year on an Essex farm, and it is written in the form of a novel. It is really a portrait of rural life at its best, making fascinating reading for the lover of the countryside.

CAT'S COMPANY, by Michael Joseph (Michael Joseph. 8s. 6d.), is a new edition of a book long since out of print, and no doubt it will be widely welcomed. New illustrations by Clare Dawson adorn the text.

Among the new novels are THE HOUSE IN FISHERGATE, by Michael Harrison (Macdonald. 8s. 6d.), a story of a cathedral city, and of the struggle between the ruthless city surveyor and the determined spinster schoolmistress. The reader will find Rowcester very much in the Barchester tradition. PARDON MY RETURN (Macdonald. 8s. 6d.) is a gay and satirical novel by a son of Sir Shane Leslie. He has an intimately amusing knowledge of the Irish character and scene, and his book is eminently readable.

Two new works of detective fiction are IT MIGHT LEAD ANYWHERE, by E. R. Punshon (Gollancz. 8s. 6d.), and THE MIND OF JOHN MEREDITH, by Francis Gerard (Macdonald. 8s. 6d.). Francis Gerard's story has its setting in a Welsh border castle. with a great marauding dog to provide the sinister touch and the mystery that Sir John so skilfully unravels.



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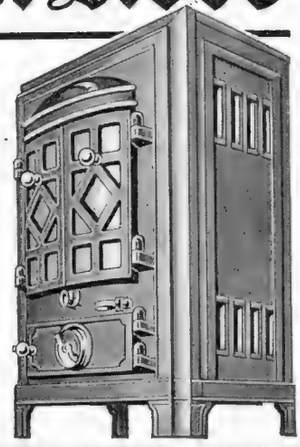

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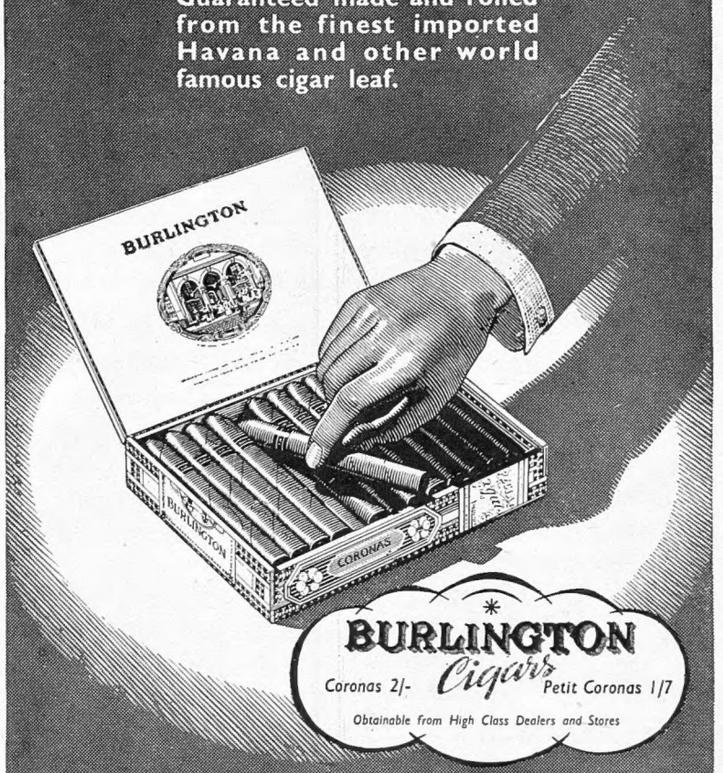

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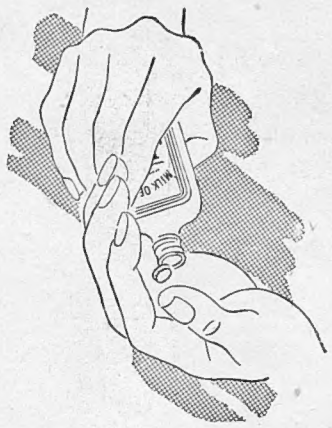

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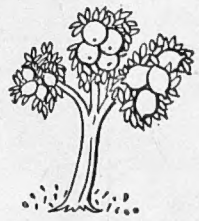

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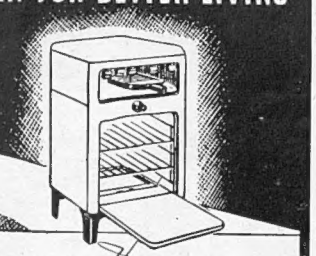

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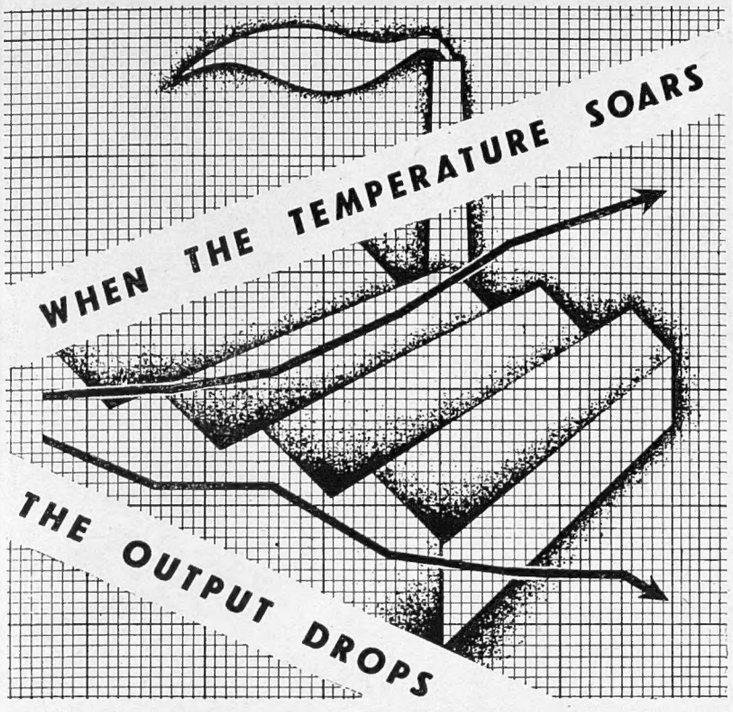

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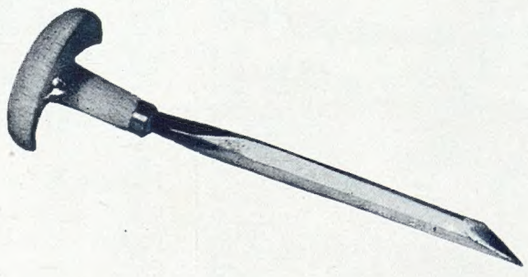

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